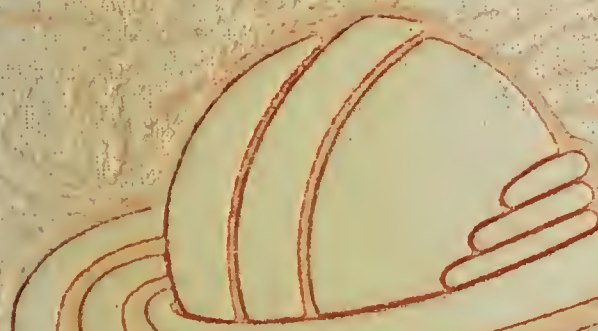




*The*  
Beverley  
Star  
1945















BEVERLEY MANOR HIGH SCHOOL

# *The Beverley Star*

1945

Volume III

ROBERT RILEY  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ELVIRA WADE  
BUSINESS MANAGER

**STAUNTON PUBLIC LIBRARY**



MRS. NETHKEN

As a token of gratitude to one who has willingly supported us in all of our class endeavors, and has guided us by her unfailing faith in us, and as an expression of our love and admiration for her, and in appreciation of her unselfish contribution of her time and efforts in helping us individually,

WE, THE SENIOR CLASS

OF

BEVERLEY MANOR HIGH SCHOOL

WITH GREAT PLEASURE DEDICATE THIS,  
THE BEVERLEY STAR OF 1945

TO THE SPONSOR OF OUR CLASS  
MRS. ELEANOR W. NETHKEN





# The Faculty

TEACHER	COLLEGE	DEGREE	THEY TEACH
MR. NOEL H. MOODY.....	William and Mary.....	B.S.	Principal
	University of Virginia.....		
	University of Richmond.....		
MRS. HARRY L. NETHKEN....	Emory and Henry College....	A.B.	English
	University of Virginia.....	B.S.	
MISS LELIA CARSON.....	Agnes Scott College.....	A.B.	Government and History
MR. N. V. RODRIGUES.....	Mackenzie College (Brazil)..	A.B.	Pre-Flight, Chemistry and Biology
	Fredericksburg College.....		
	University of Virginia.....		
MISS LILLIAN EISENBERG....	Mary Baldwin College.....	A.B.	Mathematics
	Elizabeth College.....		
MISS ANNA FLORY.....	Bridgewater College.....	A.B.	Bookkeeping and Typing
MISS SUSIE WALDER.....	Mary Washington.....	B.A.	English, History and Latin
MISS EVELINA HUPMAN.....	Mary Baldwin College.....		Librarian
	University of Virginia.....		
MRS. KARL C. TEUFEL.....	Madison College.....	B.S.	Home Economics
	Mary Baldwin College.....		
MR. F. M. SOMERVILLE.....	University of Virginia.....	B.A.	Latin
MR. G. R. KINZIE.....	Bridgewater College.....	B.A.	Agriculture
	V. P. I. ....	M.S.	
MISS LOUISE KING.....	Washington University.....	A.B.	Distributive Education
	William and Mary.....	B.S.	
	Johns Hopkins.....	M.S.	
MRS. CARL A. VAN LEAR.....	Mary Baldwin College.....	B.A.	Mathematics
MISS KATHLEEN THACKER...	Madison College.....	B.S.	Home Economics
MISS VIRGINIA McILHANEY...	Madison College.....	A.B.	English and Civics
MR. RALPH DUTTON.....	Bridgewater College.....	B.A.	Physical Education
	Madison College.....		





# The Annual Staff

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 ELVIRA WADE.....*Business Manager*  
 MARGARET RYDER.....*Circulation Manager*  
 JEAN SNYDER.....*Literary Editor*

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ELWOOD GAYLOR KENNETH LANDES

*Assistants to the Business Manager*

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*Snapshot Editors*

KATHARINE HOUFF ELNITA MACKEY

BETTY COX

*Typists*

DOROTHY SNYDER DOROTHY HINER  
 MARY LANNING LORENE COLAW

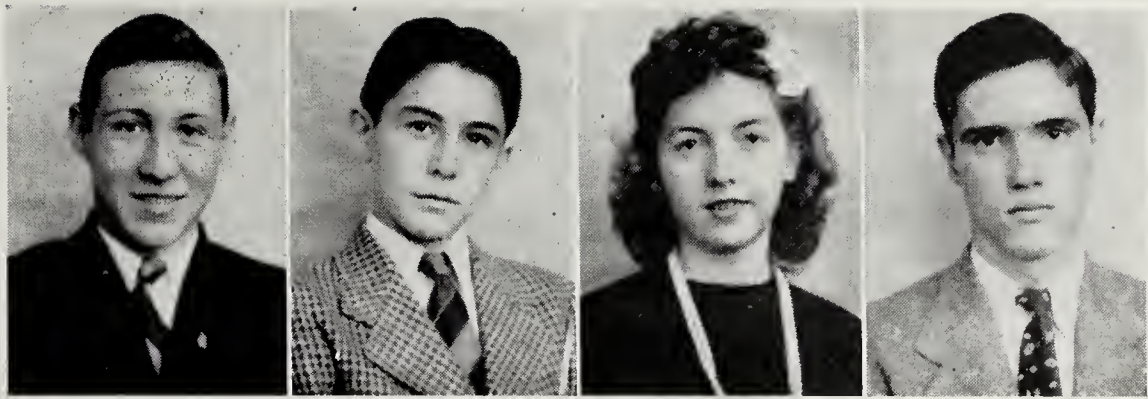
*Assistants to the Literary Editor*

ANNA LEE CHANDLER ELEANOR PARTLOW  
 EVELYN GRANT BETTIE WISEMAN

MATILDA FIX

MRS. HARRY L. NETHKEN.....*Sponsor*





# Class Of 1945

KENNETH LANDES.....*President*

Kenneth has been an enthusiastic worker in all school activities. His congenial nature, courteous manner, and good school spirit have caused every one to like him. With him go our best wishes for a successful future.

CALVIN J. BARE.....*Vice-President*

J. C. is one of the smallest members of our class but he is easily found, usually among the girls.

PEARL CLINE.....*Secretary*

Pearl is our secretary and she is kept very busy. She holds several other offices and her friendliness and musical ability will remain long in our memories.

ROBERT CARPER.....*Treasurer*

Here he is girls! The best looking and most athletic boy in our Senior Class.

## CLASS MOTTO

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom"

## CLASS FLOWER

Red Carnation

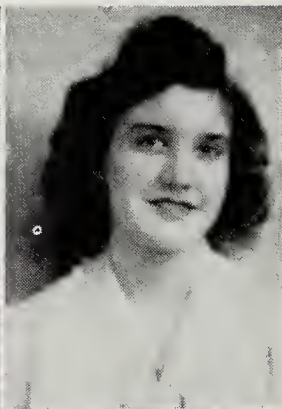
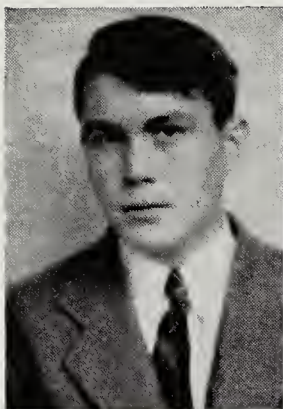
## CLASS COLORS

Red and White

## SENIORS

### SAMUEL BURNS

Samuel is rather quiet in some classes, but he is very jolly and humorous. His interest in the Junior Class is quite noticeable.



### MARGARET RYDER

Margaret has a magnificent brain, especially in Latin and English. Her disposition has won her many friends who will miss her when we part.

### ELINOR PHILLIPS

Here is the beautiful blonde of our class. She is also very neat and friendly and she has a very happy disposition.

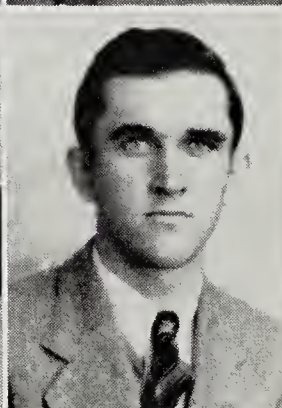


### ETHEL WHITESELL

Ethel is the most dignified member of our class. She is dependable, always capable and prepared to do any task.

### ELEANOR PARTLOW

Here is the wittiest girl in our class. She is cheerful always, and has a bright smile for every one.

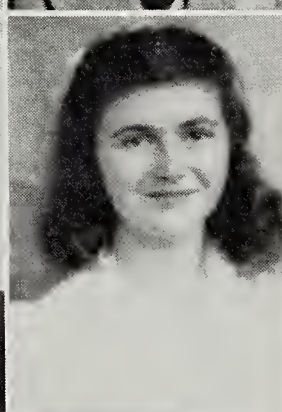
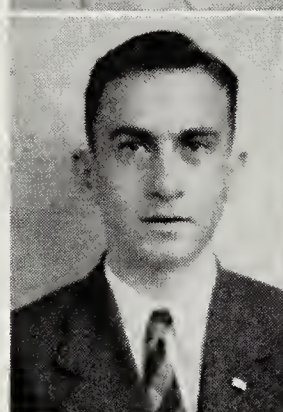


### ROBERT RILEY

Bob has never suffered with hundreds on class work but on the basketball court he really shines.

### TOMMY STOGDALE

Although Tommy had to leave us to go to the U. S. Army, we will always remember him because of his happy and pleasing disposition. We salute you, Tom!



### NANCY THOMPSON

Certainly every one agrees that Nancy is gifted with one of those enviable intellects. If you want to prove it, join our government class. Her characteristic giggle is a familiar sound, too, and—well—she's just a real pal.

### ELVIRA WADE

Elvira, gentle and refined, goes about her duties, ever doing her best. Her earnest efforts in performing her tasks and her good grades deserve high praise.



### BETTY COX

When you want some fireworks just get Betty in the crowd. She is friendly as well as noisy.



## SENIORS

### MERLYN SNYDER

Merlyn is somewhat dignified, but when it comes to music, she can really make us sing and swing.



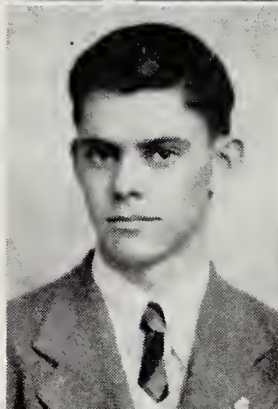
### MARY LANNING

Mary is one of the steady, dependable members of our class and she carries out her duties in a diligent way.



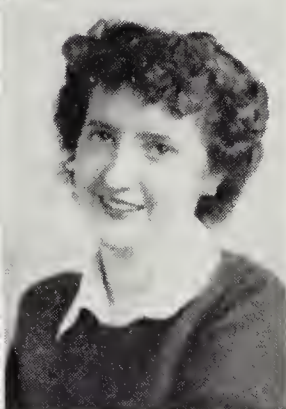
### ERSKIN AREHART

He is the quietest and most dignified boy in our class and he really succeeds in his studies.



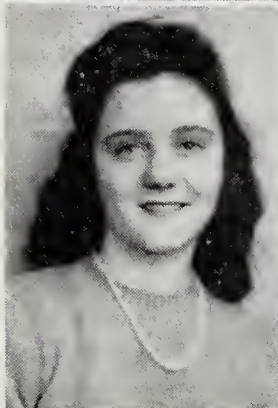
### ELNITA MACKEY

Elnita is the flirt of our very dignified (?) class. She is always very jolly and keeps our class alive.



### LUCILLE STONER

Lucille is always friendly and courteous, and she usually has a smile for everyone.



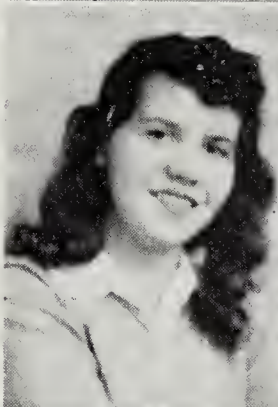
### WESLEY STANLEY

Wesley is always called upon when there is a electrician or mechanic needed and he is always willing to help wherever needed.



### DOROTHY SNYDER

Dot is also a good athlete and has a friendly and happy disposition.



### HELEN ANDES

Helen is one of the quietest girls in our Senior Class, but her neatness and her gay and entertaining ways have won many friends for her.



### HILDA CARROLL

Looking for somebody dependable? You have come to the right person, for Hilda is always ready to lend a helping hand.



### ELWOOD GAYLOR

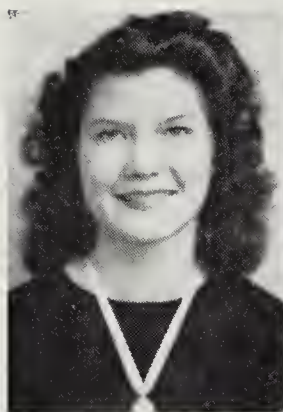
Elwood is the writer and poet of our group. We are all indebted to him for his splendid work.



## SENIORS

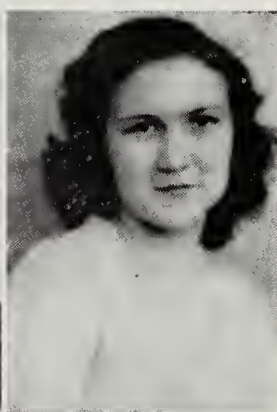
### IDA MAE HARTIGAN

Ida Mae is the girl whom we expect to bring us fame as a novelist. She is quiet but friendly.



### EVELYN GRANT

Well, boys, here she is, the prettiest girl in our class. Her basketball ability and her sense of humor have made her popular, too.



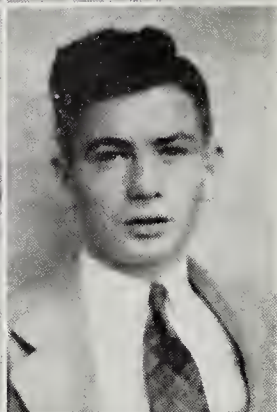
### ANNA LEE CHANDLER

Here is one of the friendliest, neatest, and most athletic members of our class. She is gay and entertaining.



### KENNETH SNYDER

Bubby is fat and short but he gets there just the same. His humor and flirty ways will never be forgotten.



### MARCELENE CRAUN

Could her interest in other schools be the reason for her looking sleepy in classes sometimes? She is very friendly and jolly.



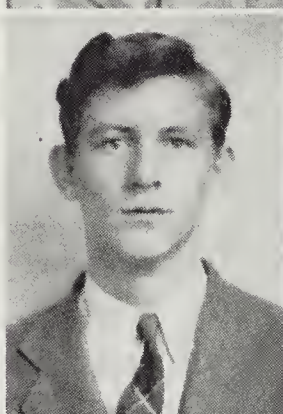
### MARY LEE JOHNSON

Mary Lee, lady-like and quiet, goes about the schoolhouse never making a sound. She is friendly and a good student.



### PAUL KESTERSON

Meet the wittiest boy of the Senior class! Paul is liked by everyone because he is entertaining, friendly, and courteous.



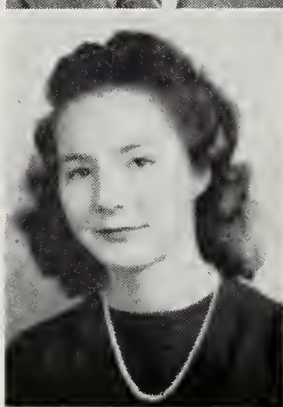
### JEAN SNYDER

Jean is a true friend, loyal and sympathetic. Her happy smile goes a long way to brighten one in trouble.



### DOROTHY LEE HINER

Dot is greatly interested in the Navy and soon she will be an expert letter writer. She is a very quiet member of our class.



### KATHARINE HOUFF

Kitty is one of the star guards of our basketball team. She is very pretty and the time she spends primping will long be remembered.

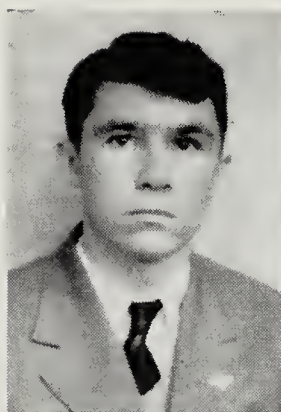




## SENIORS

### HAROLD GIBSON

Did you hear that? It was Harold and his hearty laughter. There is never a dull moment with him around.

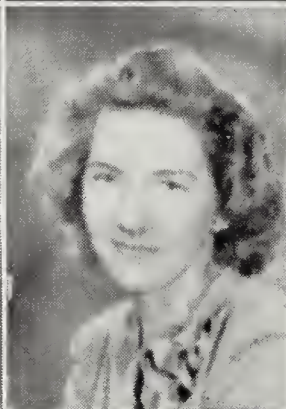


### PAULINE LAWHORN

Polly is our artist. It is she who adds the touch of color to our bulletin board and to the decorations for our parties.

### BETTY LOU WISEMAN

Bettie has the rare ability of getting along with everyone. Does her swell basketball spirit account for this?

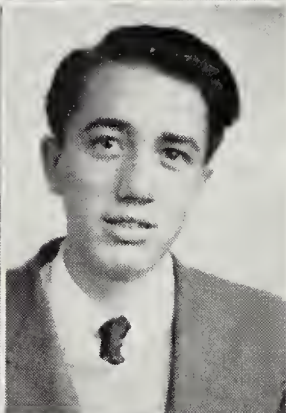
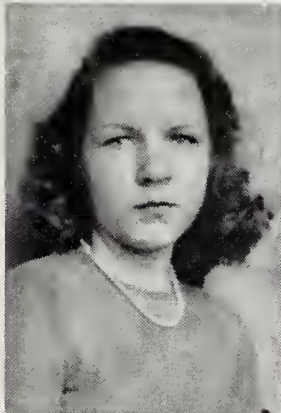


### VIRGINIA CARROLL

Virginia's cheerful smile, laughter and happy disposition bring happiness to us all.

### MATILDA FIX

Matilda's quietness and sweet disposition make her one of the brightest of our shining stars.

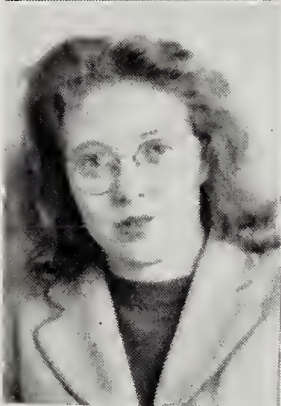


### RAE TRIMBLE

Whew! My ears are hurting because Rae just came to class. His witty remarks keep us laughing.

### ISABELLE SPITLER

Isabelle is so quiet that we often wonder if she is here. She never speaks unless spoken to and usually stays out of trouble.



### LORENE COLAW

In class Lorene is rather quiet but she usually succeeds in her lessons. She is also good in dramatics.

### FRANCES LESSLEY

It's the Navy for her too! Her sparkling diamond brightens our class.



# Statistics

NAME	NICKNAME	AMBITION	BY-WORD	REASON FOR FAME
Nathaniel Erskin Arehart	"Nat"	Farmer	"Shoot"	Love for agriculture
Helen Marguarette Andes	"Andy"	Housewife	"Marvelous"	The way she blushes
Calvin Junior Bare	"J. C."	Truck Driver	"Phooey"	Ability to drive a school bus
Samuel Newton Burns	"Sammie"	Naval Officer	"Nurts"	Ability to drive with one arm
Robert Warren Carper	"Crock"	Navy	"Dern if you know"	His way with women
Hilda Marguerite Carroll	"Gene"	Housewife	"That's OK"	Love for Army Engineers
Virginia Kathleen Carroll	"Jenny"	Housewife	"Fiddlesticks"	Love for the Army
Anna Lee Chandler	"Heddie"	Join the Waves	"You ain't just a bird kidding"	Those big brown eyes
Pearl Mae Cline	"Pearlie"	Teacher	"Heavens"	Love for Home Economics
Lorene Thelma Colaw	"Sparkie"	Housewife	"Ye gads and little fishes"	Indecision over two boys
Betty Kathryn Cox	"Red"	Beautician	"Good Heavens"	Red Hair
Marcelene Hope Craun	"Marsha"	Housewife	"Go 'way"	Laziness
Matilda Lucille Fix	"Tillie"	Beautician	"My goodness"	Love for a Sailor
David Elwood Gaylor	"Judge"	Army Air Corps	"By-craacky"	His originality
Harold Eugene Gibson	"Gib"	To get a regular girl	"Knock it off"	Ability to play ball
Evelyn Lyle Grant	"General"	Stenographer	"I don't know"	Her looks
Ida Mae Hartigan	"Irish"	Cadet Nurse Corps	"Are you kiddin'?"	Latin ability
Dorothy Lee Hiner	"Dixie"	Beautician	"Gosh"	Writing letters
Katharine Alice Houff	"Kitty"	Beautician	"Heavens"	Love for a Junior boy
Mary Lee Johnson	"Jackie"	Nurse	"Heavens to Betsie"	Way with boys
Paul Bradford Kesterson	"Kess"	Navy	"Brother, you can say that again"	Ability to get out of work
Cecil Kenneth Landes	"Cece"	To be a success	"Honest"	Ability as a leader
Mary Elizabeth Lanning	"Butch"	Housewife	"Shucks"	Diamond ring
Edith Pauline Lawhorne	"Polly"	Artist	"Gee Whiz"	Art
Frances McQuain Lessley	"Less"	Housewife	"Me Too"	Skating ability
Elnita Dare Mackey	"Mickey"	Nurse	"Fudge"	Way with boys
Mary Eleanor Partlow	"Gold-digger"	Singer	"Ya! Ya! Ya!"	Five by five mouth
Elinor Killian Phillips	"Proxy"	To be a success	"Fire"	Blonde hair
Charles Robert Riley	"Bob"	Metalsmith	"Shoot a monkey"	Ability to play basketball
Margaret Juanita Ryder	"Margot"	Business woman	"I'll swear"	Bossy manner
Dorothy Deane Snyder	"Dot"	Cadet Nurse	"Good lands"	Nerve
Loretta Jean Snyder	"Jeanie"	Housewife	"Are you kiddin'?"	Love for the Army
Kenneth Ray Snyder	"Bubby"	Navy	"I don't know"	Friendly disposition
Merlyn Marie Snyder	"Shortie"	Beautician	"Golly Pete"	Love for a dark haired soldier
Isabelle Evers Spitler	"Izzie"	Housewife	"I don't think I feel good"	Love for Army Air Corps
Wesley Melton Stanley	"Wes"	Newspaper Reporter	"Aw shucks"	Ability to get around
Cecil Thomas Stogdale	"Tommie"	Army	"Aw shucks"	Military experience in early life
Lucille Elizabeth Stoner	"Pete"	Stenographer	"Are you kiddin'?"	Talking
Nancy Katharine Thompson	"Red"	Nurse	"It's Drippy"	Red Hair
Rae Clinton Trimble	"Speedy"	Aeronauties	"Shucks"	Love for airplanes
Elvira Lou Wade	"Elvirey"	Bible teacher	"Oh, Brother"	Ability to manage business
Ethel Mae Whitesell	"Effie"	Home Economics Teacher	"Dry up"	Plate lunches
Bettie Lou Wiseman	"Lulu"	Nurse	"My Cow"	Red Hair



# Class Poem

Proud we stand in fortitude,  
A great and merry throng  
We, the Seniors of this school,  
Join in bidding you, "So long!"

We dedicate this poem  
To the faculty and rest  
Of the classes below us.  
May all of you be blessed.

Happiness fills our hearts  
Yet sadness intervenes,  
For bless our hearts, this is the place  
Of many happy scenes.

To leave the things we love the most  
Brings sadness to us all,  
Our friends, our rooms, our desks and  
such,  
Our games of basketball.

These things we must leave behind  
And go out and face the world.  
Each will go his separate way  
His life's banner now unfurled.

For some of us it's back to school,  
Though advanced in many ways.  
And some of us will work for better  
times  
In those happy future days.

Some of us will go to war  
In the furious fight for peace.  
We'll fight and die in glory  
'Til this cruel war doth cease.

When we leave you'll take our place  
And glory in the day  
When you will reach the goal  
And pass out on life's highway.

We wish you youngsters all good luck.  
May your years, like ours be fair.  
We join, one and all,  
In offering this prayer,

"Dear God, look o'er these boys and  
girls  
Keep them safe from harm.  
Lead them down life's glorious path  
Put on each of them a charm.

"Lead them through their school year,  
Lord,  
Help them in the world beyond.  
For they'll do their best, we know  
To build a nation free of bond.

"Bless the teachers in this school,  
May their names forever stand;  
The builders of this nation,  
The standard bearers of the land."

They've stuck with us through thick  
and thin,  
Their friendship always will abide.  
And no temptations in this world  
Could draw them from our side.

And so, dear Lord, now, we say,  
"Teach us all the Golden Rule.  
Lead us through this troubled world,  
And Bless Beverlev Manor School."

—DAVID ELWOOD GAYLOR.

# Class Will

City of Staunton  
County of Augusta  
State of Virginia

## ARTICLE I

We, the members of the 39th graduating class of Beverley Manor High School, met in the Homeroom to draw up our last will and testament. Being of sound mind and taking into deep consideration our successors, we hereby will and bequeath the following:

## ARTICLE II

We, the Seniors will our admiration and gratitude to the faculty in appreciation of the kindnesses and skillful guidance shown us during our four years of high school.

We, the Seniors leave our ability to understand English Literature and a small portion of our dignity (they don't need much more) to the Seniors of '46.

To the Sophomores we leave what's left of our athletic ability and speaking ability because they will need it before they finish school.

We leave to the Freshmen our love and admiration for our school and we sincerely hope they will bring more fame to the school than we did.

## ARTICLE III

I, Erskin Arehart will and bequeath my bashfulness to Charles Blair, realizing he would benefit by using it and the teachers will rejoice when he does.

I, Helen Andes, will my curly hair to any girl in the lower classes who is too lazy to curl hers every night.

I, J. C. Bare, leave my extreme shortness to Paul Liviek before he gets too tall to enter the doors of this institution of higher learning.

I, Hilda Carroll, leave my habit of collecting military insignia and pins to any lonesome freshman girl who hopes to develop "a way with service men."

I, Virginia Carroll, leave my magnificent ability to act to Agnes Cook, she will need it in her senior year.

I, Anna Lee Chandler, will my desire to get to English Class on time to Thelma Sensabaugh. I didn't accomplish it all year.

I, Samuel Burns, leave my ability to wash desks during Government Class to Dickie Crosby. It is a good method of using class time.

I, Pearl Cline, will my ability to dance to Mary Leach and I would advise her to use it.

I, Lorene Colaw, do hereby will my weakness for soldiers to Betty Witt but, Betty, keep an eye on Billy, too.

I, Bobby Carper, being of sound mind, will my love for basketball to Billy Simantel.

I, Betty Cox, will my ability to Betty Ellen Wine. I'm sure it will help her to get Fred.

I, Marcelene Craun, will my pigtails to Frances Dull, hoping they will help her to get "Burns."

I, Matilda Fix, leave my quiet ways to Leona Michael. I'm sure she will have some use for them. The teachers will thank me.

I, Elwood Taylor, will my ability as a writer to the person who writes the class poem for the annual next year.

I, Ida Mae Hartigan, will my ability to translate Latin to Juanita Hartigan, if I know Mr. Somerville she will need it. I worked so hard to get it that I wish to keep it in the family.

I, Katharine Houff, leave my ability to get acquainted with Junior boys to Lucille Young. I hope she will be able to use it.



I, Mary Lee Johnson, will my appreciation for English Literature to Harold Adams.

I, Paul Kesterson, leave my technique in driving with one hand to Russell Layman. There's a lot of pleasure in it, "Rusty."

I, Mary Lanning, leave my love for Geometry to Joe Gilbert. You really have a lot of "Figures" to work with.

I, Polly Lawhorne, being of sound mind, leave my troubles to Jean Leach. Jean, you know what they are.

I, Kenneth Landes, leave my ability to blush to James Fitzgerald. I'm sure he will accept it.

I, Ehnita Mackey, will my ability to watch over and protect Kemper Croft to Frances Gibson.

I, Eleanor Partlow, bequeath my weakness for Naval Reserve to Peggy Markley. Peggy, those sailors are wonderful.

I, Harold Gibson, will my ability to talk in English Class to Raymond Hensley.

I, Nancy Thompson, leave my weak brain to Raymond Crosby, hoping he will make better use of it than he does of the one he has.

I, Tommy Stogdale, leave my G. I. Shoes to the first unfortunate Junior boy who becomes eighteen.

I, Ethel Whitesell, will my ability as a librarian to Nancy Burford.

I, Bettie Wiseman, leave my basketball suit to any one who can fill it up.

I, Dorothy Lee Hiner, will my habit of spending my entire study hall writing letters to sailors to "Monie" Moore. I know Roy will appreciate the letters.

I, Evelyn Grant, will my love for a convertible car to Dorothy Rodgers. The driver is all right, too.

I, Elinor Phillips, leave my love for a Junior boy to Anna Collins. I'm sure she will need it.

I, Margaret Ryder, will my green beads to any daring Junior boy who has nerve enough to take them off of me. Remember I'm tall and strong.

I, Robert Riley, will my ability to keep an eye on Nancy Cook to some one besides Wilfred Smith.

I, Dorothy Snyder, leave my weakness for sad movies to Peggy Shomo.

I, Jean Snyder, will my love for my senior year to Anthony Wilkerson. You will enjoy every minute of it.

I, Kenneth Snyder, do hereby will and bequeath my knife to any Senior of '46 who has the nerve to cut his name on his desk.

I, Lucille Stoner, leave my typing ability to Peggy Koogler. Remember, Peggy, you have to make forty-five words next year.

I, Elvira Wade, being of sound mind, will my job as business manager of the annual to any one who is sucker enough to take it.

I, Wesley Stanley, will my love for Peoples Drug Store to "Monk" Dull. Keep an eye on the soda fountain.

I, Merlyn Snyder, leave my sophisticated ways to Marie Shiflet.

I, Rae Trimble, will my ability to argue to Billy Higgs. Don't argue too much, especially with the teachers, or you may be suspended.

In testimony hereof we have hereunto set our hands this 12th day of June, A. D., 1945.

—SENIOR CLASS.

Signed and acknowledged by the said Senior Class, as its last will and testament in our presence, and signed by us in its presence.

NOEL H. MOODY

ELEANOR W. NETHKEN

# Class Prophecy Of 1945

It is the year of 1956, and I have just returned from New York City. I wouldn't have gone up there, but Robert Riley, one of my school chums back there "when"—insisted I visit him and his wife, the former Miss Jean Snyder. He is a helicopter salesman and a very good one. Sometimes he sells as many as three helicopters a year. The trip was a very enjoyable one and I learned many interesting things from Mrs. Riley. Among these were: Mr. and Mrs. Kynette Uptagrafft celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary by giving a party. Mrs. Uptagrafft was the former Miss Mary Lanning. Among the guests were Mrs. Blair Lambert, the former Miss Marcelene Craun, and Mrs. Louis Miller, the former Miss Frances Lessley, and her four little boys. Also present was the class wit, Paul Kesterson, who was the life of the party, with his wife, the former Miss Evelyn Grant.

Mrs. Riley also told me that Mrs. Dewey Sensabaugh, formerly Miss Katharine Houff, was keeping house, and that her two little boys kept her busy. "Dewey is very proud of them," she added.

She also told me that she had a letter from Elnita Mackey, who was married to Kemper Croft and living on a horse ranch in Indiana. Wonder if it's "Colt" in Indiana?

Then she told me that Mary Lee Johnson and Lorene Colaw were still "kittin' it up" together. She added that Anna Lee Chandler and J. C. Bare had finally decided to hitch up since J. C. had grown a little and since he had built up his great "Bare Truck Lines" corporation—and that Dorothy Lee Hiner was still home sewing quilts, waiting for that ramblin' boy, Sammy Bogan, to come back to her, and that Betty Lou Wiseman and Lucille Stoner were still flirting with the boys and couldn't make up their minds whether Betty should marry Lucille's boy-friend and Lucille Betty's—or vice-versa. Boy, that Jean's a talker, isn't she?

One day, I went with Riley to the office where he was employed. There he was informed that he was to go to Canada to make a sale. He told me I would have to look New York over alone. I asked him, "If——." "No," he said, "your flirting days with Jean are over now, and besides, she's going with me."

I accompanied them to the railroad station and there we saw a huge crowd, cheering and waving flags. We soon learned that they were cheering Tommy Stogdale, now a Lieutenant General in the United States Army. He had just finished a trip around the world. He was a great hero of World War Two.

I saw them off, and then turned to leave. When I passed the magazine stand, much to my surprise, I ran upon Herbert and Mrs. Pitsenbarger, formerly Miss Virginia Carroll, with little Junior. Herbert looked in good shape and Junior was as fat as a butterball.

When I left them I decided to go to the radio station to listen to a couple of programs. I entered one studio and saw an all girl orchestra. I wasn't surprised to see Pearl Cline at the piano and Merlyn Snyder as the featured vocalist, and blowing a horn was Sammy Burns. "Excuse me, Sam, I got you in the wrong



studio." In the next studio I heard Sammy Burns and his Blistermouths playing a very old and unpopular number, "Don't Fence Me In."

In the next studio, a popular program known as Dr. I. Q. was going on, and there on the stage was none other than our own Mrs. Nethken rattling off all the answers and stuffing her pockets with hundred dollar bills. I was glad because now she gets to show the people what she knows instead of trying to drill it into a bunch of "nuts" at school.

I left the radio station and went on down Broadway. I came to a building which was posted "Republican Office," so I stepped in to see what was going on. Much to my surprise I saw Kenneth Landes, the President of my Senior Class, in High School, and he was telling them that just because Tom Dewey didn't win back in 1944 wasn't any sign that he couldn't win this year.

I backed out of the door and right into a manhole. People insisted that I go to the hospital to have a check-up, but I said I wasn't hurt. Then I saw a pretty nurse——.

When I reached the hospital I went to the head nurse and found none other than Nancy Thompson. She sent me to the sick-room and who were there to take my pulse and temperature but Hilda Carroll, Helen Andes and Betty Cox. Hilda was pretty well up on stuff and told me that Ida Mae Hartigan is a physical fitness instructor at John Robert Powers Agency and that Polly Lawhorne is an artist there. She also said that she saw Harold Gibson and Elinor Phillips, now a movie star, with Bobby Carper and Dot Snyder and that they were all looking for Niagara Falls. Harold can really strut now, can't he.

When the checkup was over, I was hungry, so I went down to the kitchen and whom did I find as the dietitian there but Ethel Whitesell. She gave me a big dish of food and while I ate I watched a fellow fixing pipes. The plump plumber turned out to be Kenneth Snyder. I gave him a pickle to remember me by.

After I left the hospital I decided to take in a movie. On the way I met Elvira Wade who told me she was a Bible teacher and that I should come to Sunday School sometimes. I promised I would.

The movie was "Three Little Sisters"; featuring Margaret Ryder, who is now a peroxide blond—Veronica Lake Style—Elinor Phillips, and Eleanor Partlow. The picture couldn't help but be good with those three playing in it.

I had now seen as much of New York as I cared to see so I decided to go home. I went to the airport and bought my ticket. While I was waiting for my plane, I saw one of the new jet-propulsion jobs being put through some thrilling tests. When it landed the test pilot turned out to be Rae Trimble. When my plane came in, I boarded and we took off. On the plane I met Wesley Stanley, who said he was a newspaper reporter looking for a newspaper. He gets around a lot and was able to inform me that Erskin Arehart and Matilda Fix are married and living in the South. Isabelle Spitler is married also and living down there.

After we had flown a ways, I decided to go to the cabin and compliment the pilot on such sweet flying. When I opened the cabin door I found it was Elwood Gaylor, with one eye on the instruments and the other on the stewardess. I decided not to disturb him and went to my seat.

When we landed in Maryland, I went straight home, wrote the day's doings in my diary and went to bed.

# Class History

On September of 1942 over a hundred freshmen, including a group from Hebron, came into Beverley Manor High School with a carefree spirit, not realizing what was in store for them. Now, as Seniors, we like to recall our experiences as high school students.

In Miss Hardie's English I class, entertainment was generously provided by Billy Mongold, who always got a laugh from his witty remarks. Then he, with many others, made life hard for Miss McWhorter, a Mary Baldwin teacher who came for six weeks. Miss Agnor also had a substitute who found classes mischievous—to say the least. When Miss Agnor came back we had to get used to calling her Mrs. Harris.

We'll never forget our first year in Math class. Kenneth Landes and Bill Cox had a defective desk and they spent more time on the floor than in the desk.

Some of the class, including Jean Snyder, Dot Snyder, Kitty Houff, Pearl Cline, Betty Lou Wiseman, Nancy Thompson, and Margaret Ryder, had a very convenient study hall right after lunch and got their first experience of eating candy during school. Then Jean, Dot, Kitty, and Pearl would always take time to apply make-up and primp before going to Mr. Fitzgerald's Science Class.

We had one serious love affair that year between Virginia Carroll and Herbert Pitzenbarger. Time hasn't changed that, either.

Our second year in High School was most eventful. There was that never-to-be-forgotten day when all the Home Ec. girls went around covered with first aid bandages, stopping to sign Jean Snyder's splint when they had time.

The History and English class under Mrs. Harris proved to be one of the highlights of our Sophomore year. Howard Sensabaugh was our star comedian, and perhaps that explains why he was usually sitting in the one lone desk reserved for those who misbehaved. Then, at the first table, Paul Kesterson gave a concert every day by singing "Low and Lonely" just low enough for the teacher not to hear.

And remember the day Clarence Mongold got his usual giggles so Mrs. Harris made him laugh in front of the class for ten minutes? Odd, but he didn't find things half as funny then.

Then Clarence Mongold wrote a short story about the three bears (Mother Bear, Father Bear, and J. C. Bare) and read it to the class.

That was the year of separations. Bob Riley and Howard Sensabaugh had to be parted because when they were together they found playing was more fun than studying, and Eleanor Partlow and Margaret Ryder were separated because they talked too much—they still do.



In sixth period study hall Kenneth Landes, Kitty Houff, and Elvira Wade patronized the lunch room and ate their purchases in the room.

Sammy Bogan, Eugene Mader, Welty Cline, Arden Hemp, Herbert Pitzembarger, Raymond Painter, Antha Wright, Ellen Back, Dorothea Halterman, and Wililam Lambert were missing from the class when it took up the next September.

During our Junior year we had a Christmas party with mistletoe in abundance and leap year coming on. Those were the days when Jean, Dot, and Bubby Snyder enjoyed bowling so much—and always after parties.

Kenneth Landes was fast becoming the Cassanova of the class, while Elwood Gaylor was taking his place as comedian.

At the end of the year we had a wonderful Junior-Senior Entertainment when we went to Coiner Springs on trucks.

Between our Junior and Senior years we lost quite a few of our members, including Dan Baylor, Bill Cox, Allen Sandridge, Howard Sensabaugh, Mary James, Maxine Lockridge, Jean Wine, James Morrison, Bill Wright, Joe Curd, Phyllis Swisher, and Frances Argenbright.

As dignified Seniors we have not had an uneventful year. Since the presidential election was to be held in November, we organized a political rally with Jean Snyder and Elwood Gaylor supporting Roosevelt while Margaret Ryder and Kenneth Landes upheld Dewey. Then the High School voted on the following Friday and evidently they were influenced by Jean and Elwood, because Roosevelt won.

Then we gave the plays, "Grandpa Goes Hunting" and "The Pampered Darling." It was during the party for our parents that we had a mishap in the plays. In a crucial moment when Bobby Carper as Dr. Hapsburg was ready to operate on J. C. Bare the ironing board gave away under J. C. and he landed on the floor.

During this time we lost two more members of our class. Evangeline Hanna left us, and Martha Surface decided to be a soldier's bride rather than a sweet girl graduate.

On December 6 we gave a farewell party for Tommy Stogdale, who was going into the service, and everyone had a grand time. After Christmas we really got to work on the annual and began preparations for examinations. About this time we were delighted to receive our Senior rings.

But it has not been all work and no play. What about the day when Sammy Burns had to wash the names off his desk? Not only did he entertain the Government class—but we got out of lessons too.

We spent the rest of the year in a flutter, practicing for the Senior play, taking our measurements for caps and gowns, sending our invitations to commencement exercises, and doing all the other things that accompany graduation. Oh, yes, and we studied a little too, with Mrs. Nethken holding a sword over our heads.





First Row: Mildred Rohr, Howard Dull, Carleton Gilbert, Kemper Croft, Mary Leach, Wendell Young  
 Second Row: Billy Hemp, Marie Shiflet, Russell Layman, Ima Arehart, Billy Simantel, Peggy Shomo  
 Third Row: Doris Roberts, Katherine Acree, Frances Gilmer, Charles Blair, Nancy Cook, Nancy Burford  
 Fourth Row: Charles Cook, Agnes Cook, James Fitzgerald, Leona Michael, Raymond Hensley, Juanita Hartigan  
 Fifth Row: Janet Brooks, Dewey Sensabaugh, Betty Wiseman, Paul Livick, Frances Dull, Mary Lena Harvey  
 Sixth Row: Lucille Young, Calvin Sanger, Peggy Koogler



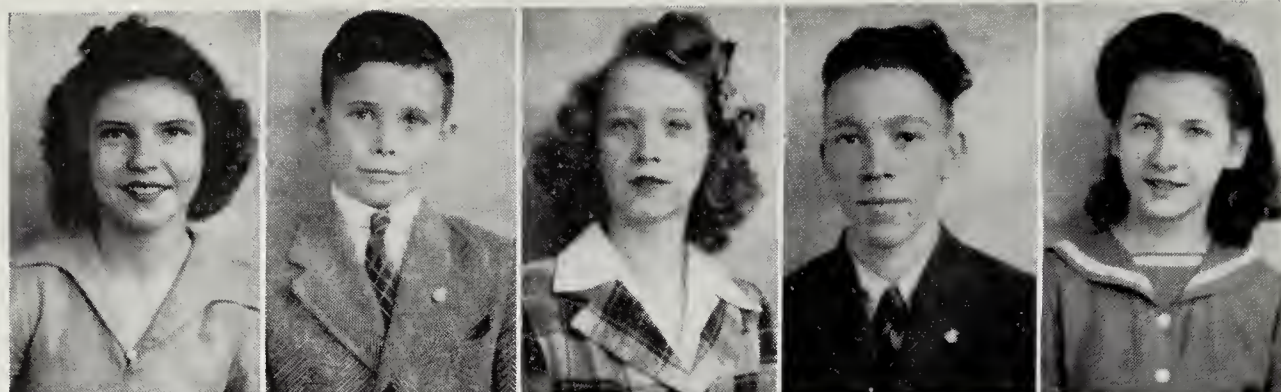


First Row: Betty Witt, Raymond Crosby, Martha Dudley, Billy Higgs, Betty Ellen Wine, Maurice Buckner  
 Second Row: Herbert Tutwiler, Sara Dean Rodeffer, Francis Coffman, Ramona Moore, Harold Adams, Kathleen Robertson,  
 Third Row: Mona Nutty, Joe Gilbert, Jean Hewitt, Doris Lockridge, Mildred Brinkley, Clovis Bowles  
 Fourth Row: Duane Harper, Gladys Coyner, Dorothy Rodgers, Warren Spitler, Frances Gibson, Peggy Markley  
 Fifth Row: Frances Painter, Charles Fix, Thelma Sensabaugh, Jean Leach, Abe Moyer, Amelia Swartz  
 Sixth Row: Anthony Wilkerson, Frances Argenbright, Richard Crosby

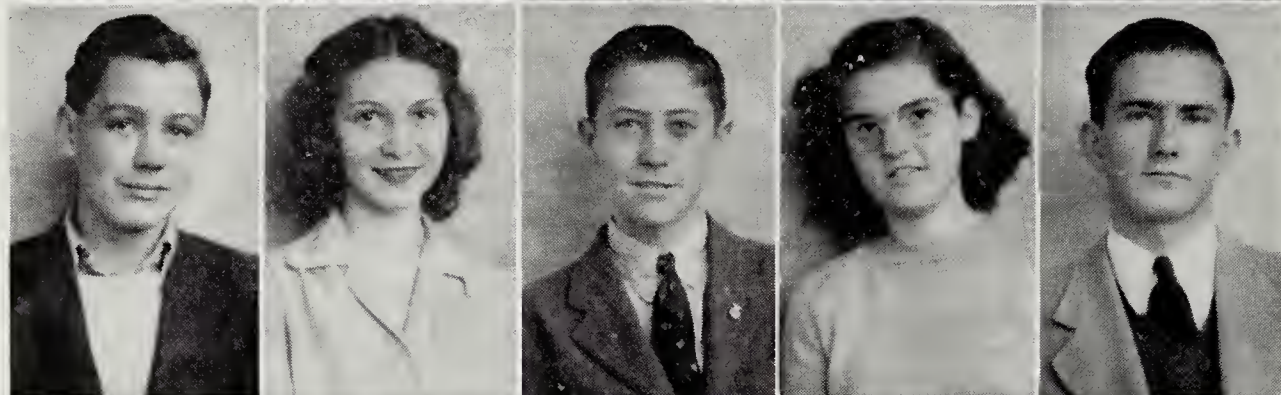


# SOPHOMORES

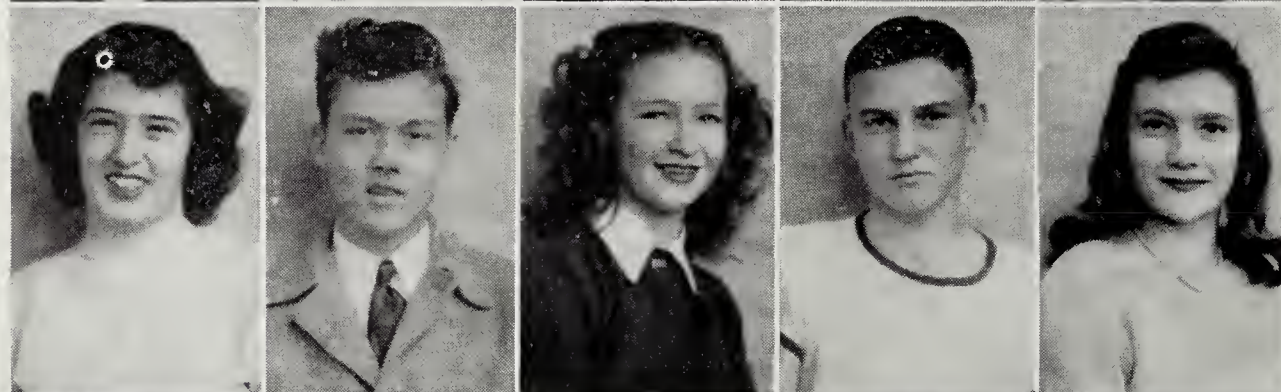
Thelma Gwin  
Hugh Harman  
Pauline Berry  
Walton Guffey  
Judith Samples



Charles Baker  
Nancy Almond  
Carl Talley  
Carolyn Beck  
Billy Page



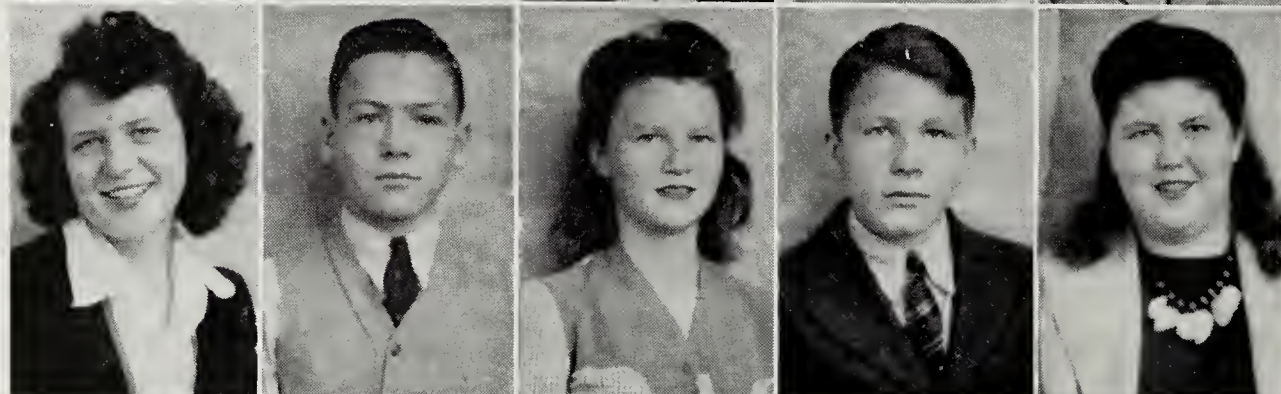
Nancy Humphreys  
Ray Garris  
Barbara Huff  
Glenn Cline  
Jean Hevener



J. C. Stover  
Dolores Blackwell  
Wilfred Smith  
Gordenia Snow  
Bobbie Ramsey



Mary Holbert  
Elton Hewitt  
Martha Pugh  
Phillip Stanley  
Betty Bailey

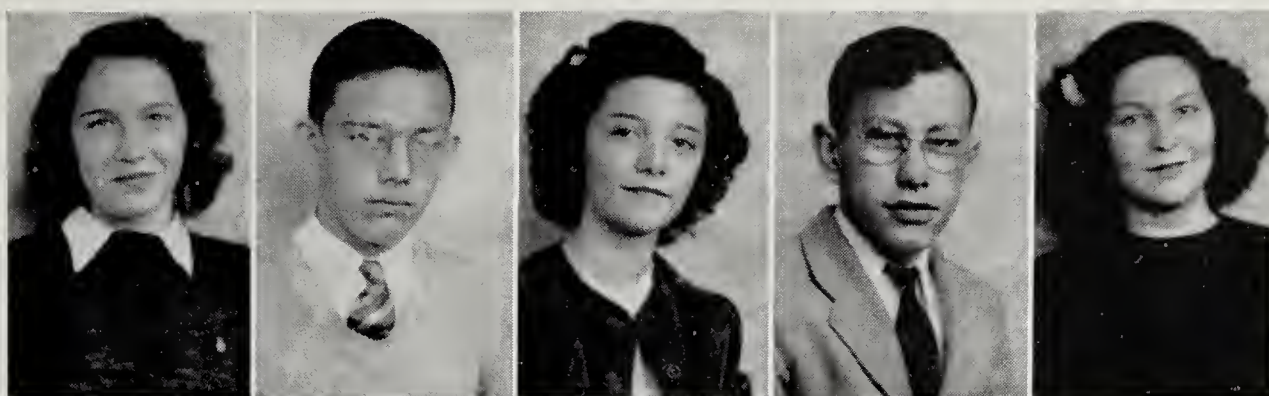


Goldie Snyder  
Buddy Harris  
Richard Harlow

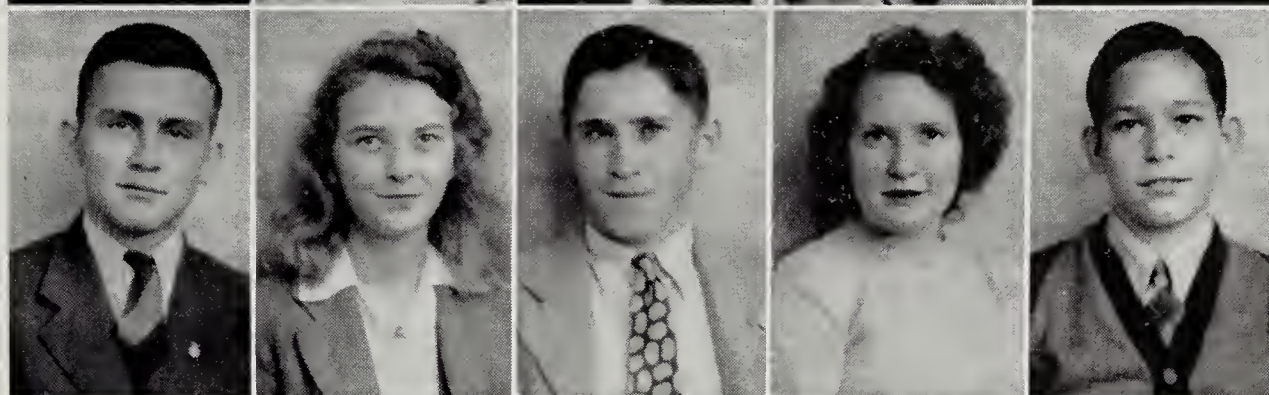




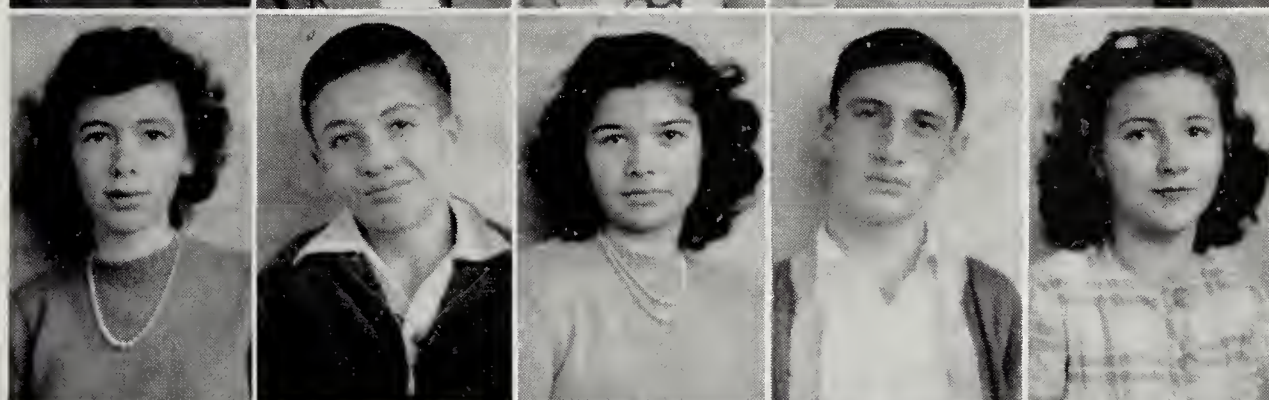
# SOPHOMORES



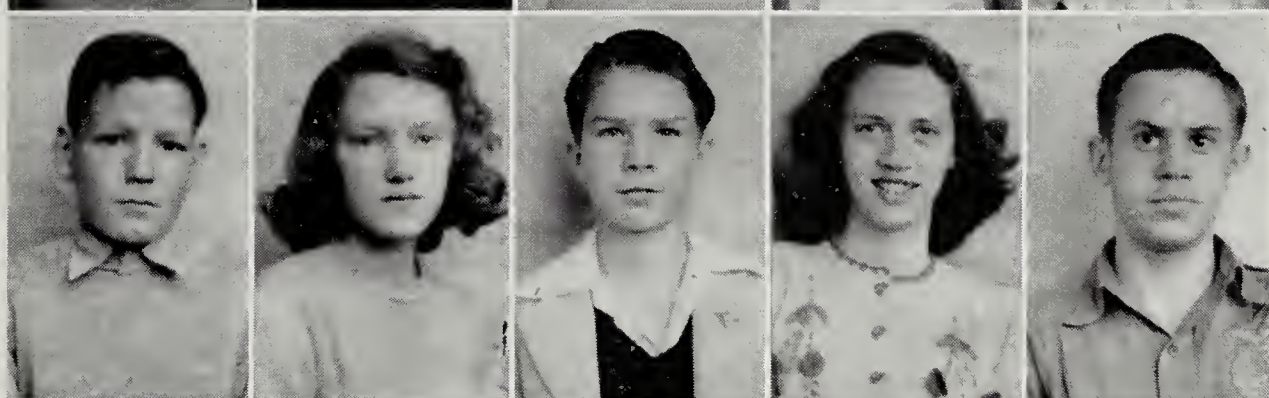
Louise Mader  
Warren Reeves  
Jean DePriest  
Edward Dietz  
Betty Blair



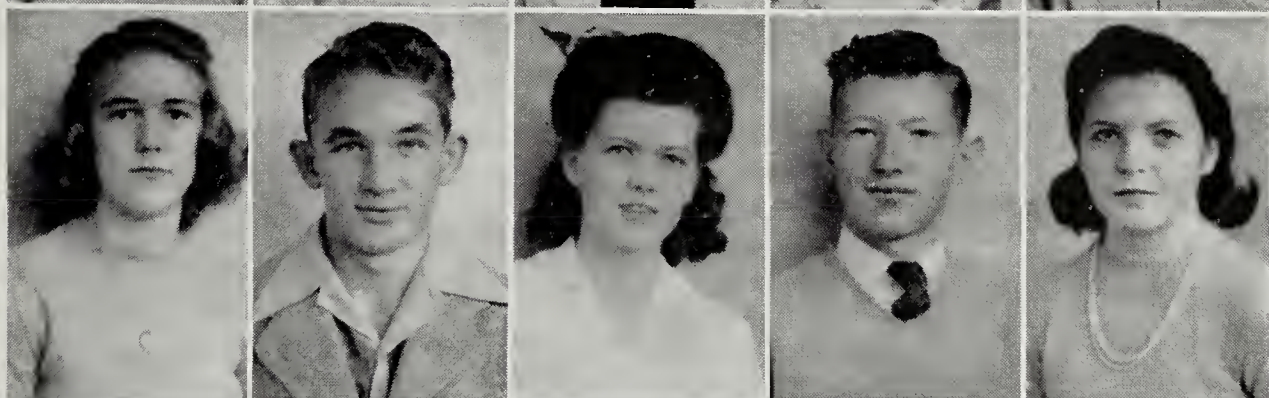
Curtis Wood  
Emma Jane Rodeffer  
James Crosby  
Inez Cash  
Joe Arbaugh



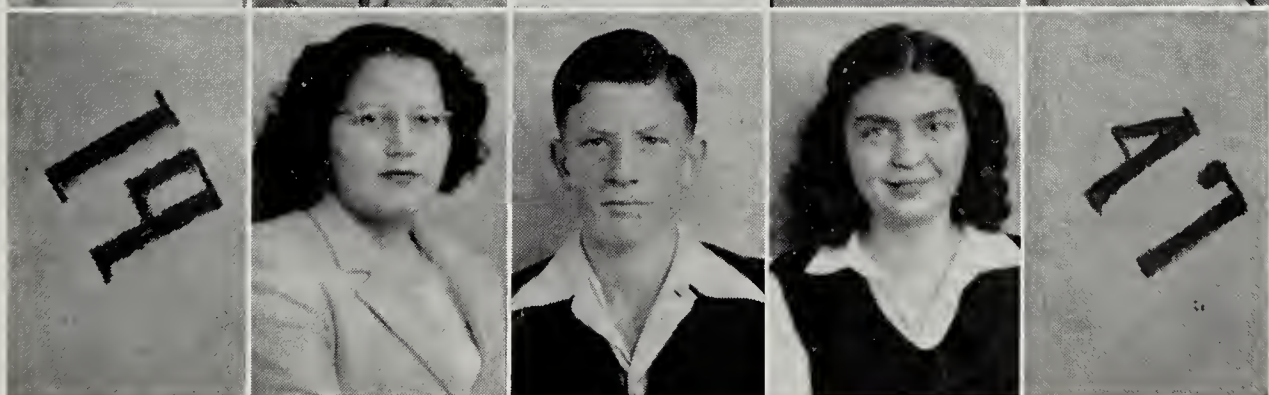
Nancy Back  
Jimmy Carroll  
Jacqueline Grove  
Charles Smiley  
Mary Ann Nuckoles



Jack James  
Jeanne Kirtz  
Stephen Burns  
Betty Cook  
Boyd Shaner



Lynwood Back  
Tommy Whitesell  
Irene Mace  
Eugene Ruebush  
Sylvia Bolt

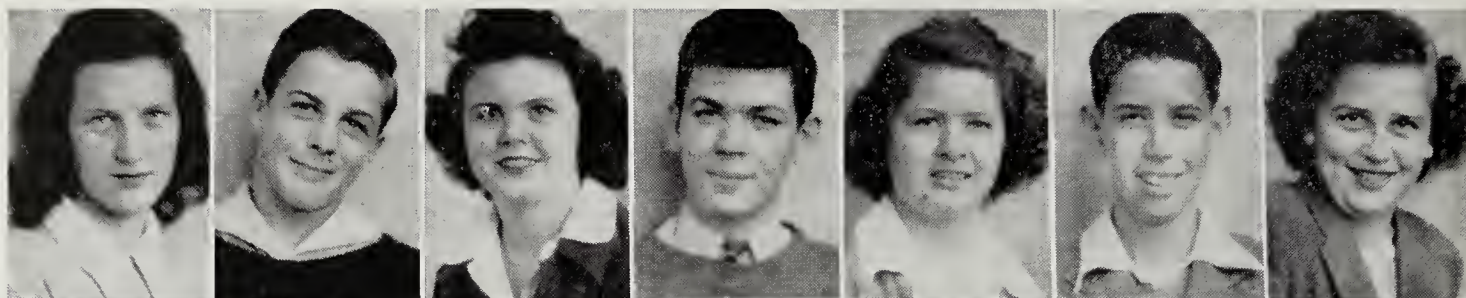


Mary Ann Smiley  
Jack Cox  
Martha Cupp

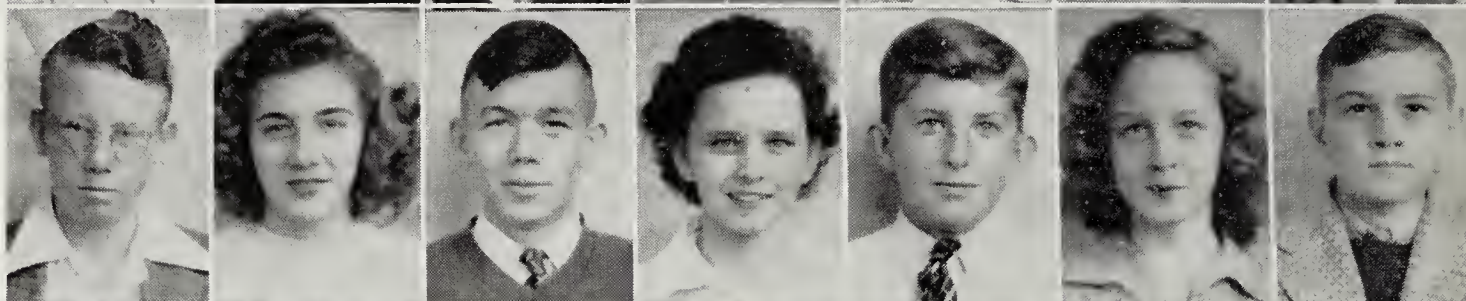


## FRESHMEN

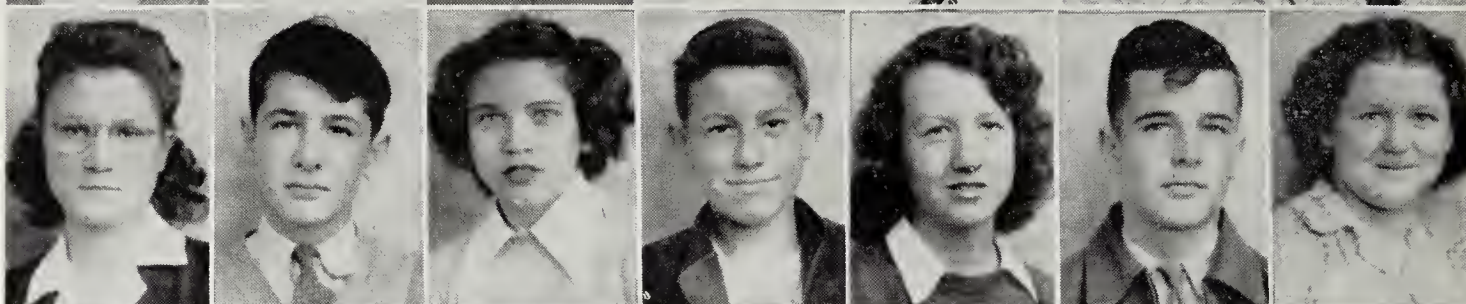
Margaret Rankin  
Moffet Shiflet  
Phyllis Botkin  
French Croft  
Betty Brown  
Davie Lee Bocock  
Amelia Boyd



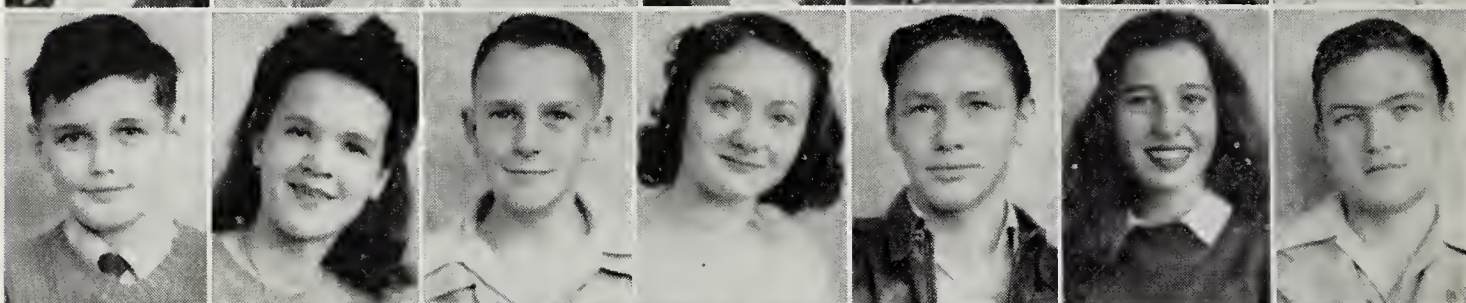
Creed Trimble  
Dorothy Campbell  
Forrest Cook  
Madeline Cook  
Richard Clatterbaugh  
Reona Bailey  
Bobby Belshee



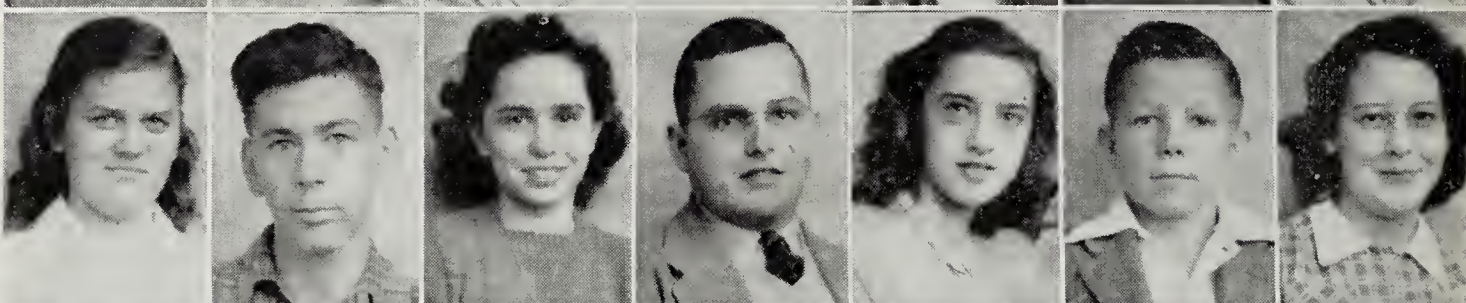
Lorraine Gilbert  
Jimmie W. Shuey  
Mary Ellen Propst  
Glenn Sensabaugh  
Loretta Blackwell  
Fred Louis Shuey  
Nancy Lee Miller



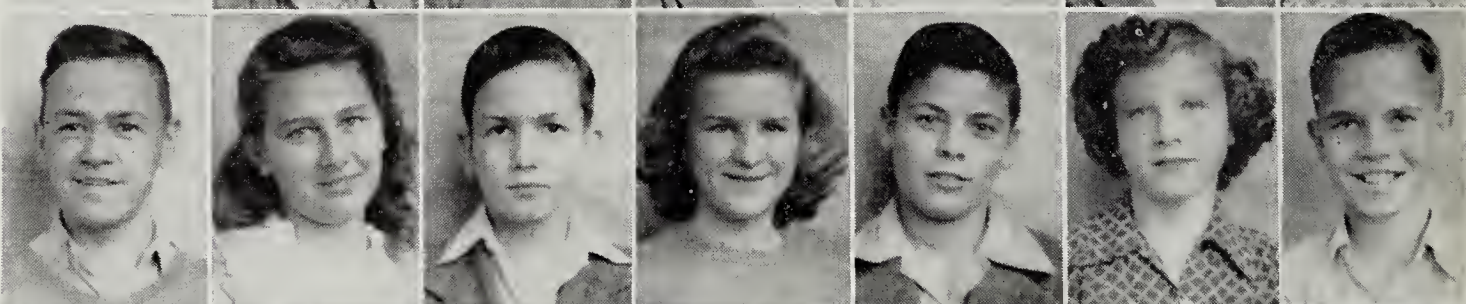
Gene U. Spitler  
Pearl Campbell  
Donnie Cary  
Jean Trimble  
Wenfred G. Bell  
Mary Ellen Ruebush  
Lawrence G. Thomas



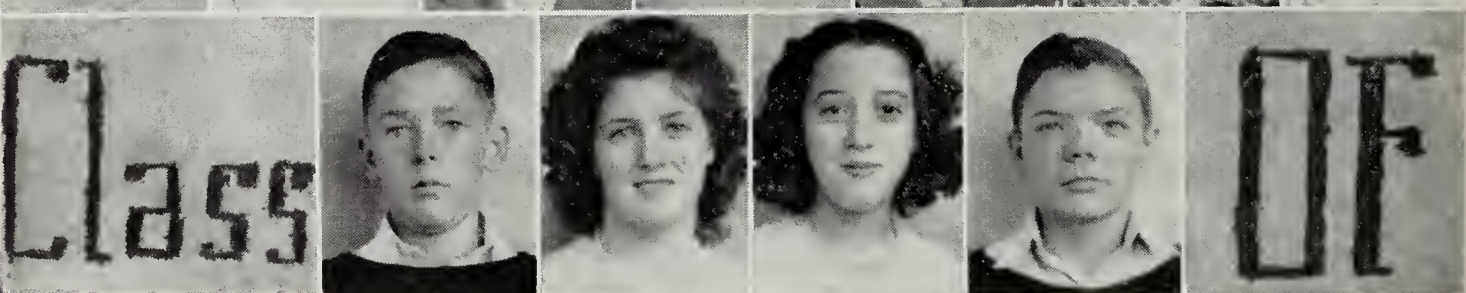
Christine Cook  
Dreno Cash, Jr.  
Irene Bogan  
Bernard White, Jr.  
Betty Viel  
Elwood Tutwiler  
Ruth Wade



Wallace Cason  
Milby Van Fossen  
Elmer Back  
Naomi Sandridge  
Robert Painter  
Betty Jean Weaver  
Johnny Meadows



Curtis Cash  
Betty Ann Sheffer  
Pauline Howdyshell  
David Archart





## FRESHMEN

Mabel Wiseman  
Bobby Leitch  
Betty Lyons  
Billy Clemmer  
Mildred Gibson  
Guy H. Smiley  
Virginia Pattie Harman

Bobby Pack  
Twila Grogg  
Russell Dietz  
Ruby Sheffer  
Jimmie Livick  
Jane Jackson  
Clyde Frank

Hilda F. Pullin  
Warren Guffey  
Maxine Fox  
Russell Coyner  
Jean Holbert  
John Bailey, Jr.  
Edith B. Weaver

Vaden Reese  
Ruby Gregory  
Forrest Arehart  
Connie Davis  
Elmer Cole  
Marian Elizabeth Curry  
Earl Cline

Audrey M. Campbell  
Lee Fox  
Louise Humphreys  
Randolph Armstrong  
Gladora Halterman  
Bobbie Wanger  
Martha Ann Cox

Garnet May Miller  
Mildred Mae Smith  
Liston Moyer  
Lucille Desper  
Marvin Campbell  
Heen Lilly  
Phyllis Roberts

Russell Arbogast, Jr.  
Dorothy Argenbright  
Evelyn Harlowe  
Charles Gilmer

19

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## GRANDPA GOES HUNTING

Grandpa Kenmore, Elwood Gaylor; Sheriff Peters, Erskine Archart; Margaret Kenmore  
Mary Lanning; Rosalie, Virginia Carroll; John Rodgers, Tommy Stogdale;  
Franklyn Kenmore, Wesley Stanley



## "THE PAMPERED DARLING"

Mrs. Perkins, Lorene Colaw; Dudley Field, Harold Gibson; Annabelle Green, Betty Cox;  
Janet Gibbons, Elnita Mackey; Norman Evans, Kenneth Landes; Vietor Gibbons; J. C. Bare;  
Dr. Rudolf Van Hapsburger, Bobby Carper; Floyd Davis, Kenneth Snyder; Connie Gibbons,  
Katharine Houff; Joy Gaylord, Pearl Cline; Jessiea Baeon, Frances Lessley





## BUS DRIVERS

Harold Gibson, Oliver Cline, Mr. Stogdale, Kenneth Snyder, Paul Kesterson, Bobby Carper, Kenneth Landes



## PATROL BOYS

First Row: Bobby Belshee, Carl Talley, Charles Shomo, Lester Cook, Pat Dudley, Ralph Crosby, Bobby McCray, Captain, Harold Adams; Billy Humphreys  
 Second Row: First Lieutenant, Tommy Whitesell; Charles Cook, Russell Layman, Second Lieutenant, Wilfred Smith; Davie Bocock





## LATIN II

Elvira Wade, Margaret Ryder, Mr. Somerville, Eleanor Partlow, Hilda Carroll



## D. E. CLUB

First Row: Pauline Lawhorne, Doris Roberts, Elinor Phillips, Elnita Mackey, Mary Lee Johnson, Frances Lessley, Betty Cox  
 Second Row: Marcelene Craun, Helen Andes, Miss King, Isabelle Spitler, Lorene Colaw  
 Third Row: Samuel Burns, Rae Trimble, Kenneth Snyder





### F. F. A. CLUB

First Row: Hugh Harman, Donald Cary, Dewey Sensabaugh, Mr. Kinzie, Kenneth Landes,  
Curtis Wood, Gene Spitler, Bobby Leitch  
Second Row: Paul Kesterson, Moffet Shiflet, Kemper Croft, Bobbie Wanger, Curtis Cash,  
Jimmy Carroll, Lonnie Griffin, Earl Cline  
Third Row: Glenn Sensabaugh, Boyd Shaner, Marshall Miller, Walton Guffey, Glenn Cline,  
Wilfred Smith, Jack Cox  
Fourth Row: Fred Shuey, Clyde Frank, Erskin Arehart, Fulton Cash, Jr., Tommy Whitesell,  
Oliver Cline, Guy Smiley  
Fifth Row: Jim Shuey, Charles Smiley, Warren Spitler, Jimmy Crosby, Forrest Cook



### F. F. A. CLUB GREENHANDS

First Row: Gene Spitler, Donald Cary, Lonnie Griffin, Bobbie Wanger, Bobby Leitch,  
Moffet Shiflet, Glenn Sensabaugh  
Second Row: Jim Shuey, Forest Cook, Guy Smiley, Fulton Cash, Jr., Clyde Frank,  
Fred Shuey, Glenn Cline





### HOME EC. CLUB—JUNIORS AND SENIORS

First Row: Lucille Stoner, Dorothy Leigh Hiner, Pauline Lawhorne, Eleanor Partlow, Betty Cox, Elnita Mackey, Katharine Houff, Elinor Phillips, Pearl Cline. Second Row: Jean Snyder, Bettie Wiseman, Hilda Carroll, Elvira Wade, Ethel Whitesell, Anna Lee Chandler, Evelyn Grant, Dorothy Snyder. Third Row: Ramona Moore, Carleton Gilbert, Sarah Rodeffer, Kathleen Robertson, Amelia Swartz, Nancy Burford, Betty Ellen Wine, Lorraine Trimble, Isabelle Spitler. Fourth Row: Jean Leach, Margaret Ryder, Frances Painter, Peggy Koogler, Frances Dull, Mary Lena Harvey, Frances Gilmer. Fifth Row: Doris Lockridge, Mary Leach, Costella Price, Katherine Acree, Betty Witt, Mona Jean Nutty, Peggy Shomo. Sixth Row: Mrs. Teufel, Miss Thacker.



### HOME EC. CLUB—SOPHOMORES AND FRESHMEN

First Row: Betty Viel, Amelia Boyd, Nancy Humphreys, Barbara Huff, Dolores Blackwell, Betty Blair, Thelma Gwin, Nancy Almond. Second Row: Marian Curry, Betty Weaver, Hilda Pullin, Lucille Desper, Connie Lavis, Betty Lyons, Irene Bogan, Louise Mader, Gordenia Snow. Third Row: Martha Pugh, Naomi Sandridge, Edith Weaver, Ruth Wade, Jean Hevener, Pearl Campbell, Reona Bailey, Madeline Cook, Nancy Miller, Gladora Halterman. Fourth Row: Ruby Sheffer, Milby Van Fossen, Judith Samples, Jacqueline Grove, Phyllis Roberts, Anna Collins, Jean Holbert, Twila Grogg. Fifth Row: Jean DePriest, Goldie Snyder, Emma Jane Rodeffer, Betty Bailey, Phyllis Botkin, Ileen Lilly, Gladys Coyner, Sylvia Bolt. Sixth Row: Ruby Gregory, Betty Cook, Nancy Back, Pauline Berry, Mary Holbert, Mary Nuckoles, Jean Kirtz, Lynwood Back. Seventh Row: Mrs. Teufel, Miss Thacker.





### HOME EC. CLUB INITIATION SOPHOMORES

First Row: Jean Hevener, Betty Wiseman, Gordenia Snow, Sylvia Bolt, Thelma Gwin, Nancy Almond, Martha Cupp, Jean DePriest, Goldie Snyder, Martha Pugh, Louise Mader, Barbara Huff, Phyllis Botkin

Second Row: Emma Jane Rodeffer, Betty Cook, Lynwood Back, Jacqueline Grove, Betty Bailey, Pauline Berry, Josephine MacDaniel, Jean Kirtz, Mary Holbert, Mary Ann Nuckoles, Nancy Humphreys, Dolores Blackwell, Betty Blair



### HOME EC. CLUB INITIATION FRESHMEN

First Row: Edith Weaver, Reona Bailey, Twila Grogg, Jean Holbert, Milby Van Fossen, Ruth Wade, Amelia Boyd, Irene Bogan, Betty Weaver, Hilda Pullin, Lucille Desper, Pauline Howdysshell

Second Row: Ruby Gregory, Ileen Lily, Pearl Campbell, Ruby Sheffer, Naomi Sandridge, Madeline Cook, Nancy Miller, Phyllis Roberts, Betty Viel, Gladora Halterman, Betty Lyons, Connie Davis





## CHEER LEADERS

Dolores Blackwell, Billy Higgs, Betty Blair, Kenneth Landes



## BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM

First Row: Howard Dull, Paul Livick, Dewey Sensabaugh, Harold Gibson, Russel Layman  
 Second Row: Glenn Cline, Kenneth Snyder, Charles Blair, Joe Gilbert, Herbert Tutwiler  
 Third Row: Bobby Carper, Paul Kesterson, Mr. Ralph Dutton, Coach; Wilfred Smith





## GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Anna Lee Chandler, Peggy Shomo  
 Second Row: Marie Shiflet, Frances Gibson, Katharine Houff, Lucille Stoner, Nancy Cook, Frances Dull, Bettie Lou Wiseman  
 Third Row: Ima Arehart, Manager; Evelyn Grant, Peggy Koogler, Elnita Mackey, Dorothy Snyder, Mr. Ralph Dutton, Coach



## BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Bobby Carper, Charles Blair, Russell Layman, Captain; Paul Livick, Herbert Tutwiler  
 Second Row: Howard Dull, Dewey Sensabaugh, Abe Moyer, Joe Gilbert, Glenn Cline, Wendell Young, Manager  
 Third Row: Mr. Ralph Dutton, Coach





## GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row : Katharine Houff, Dorthy Snyder  
 Second Row : Eleanor Partlow, Betty Cox, Elnita Mackey, Evelyn Grant, Anna Lee Chandler,  
 Bettie Lou Wiseman



## SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

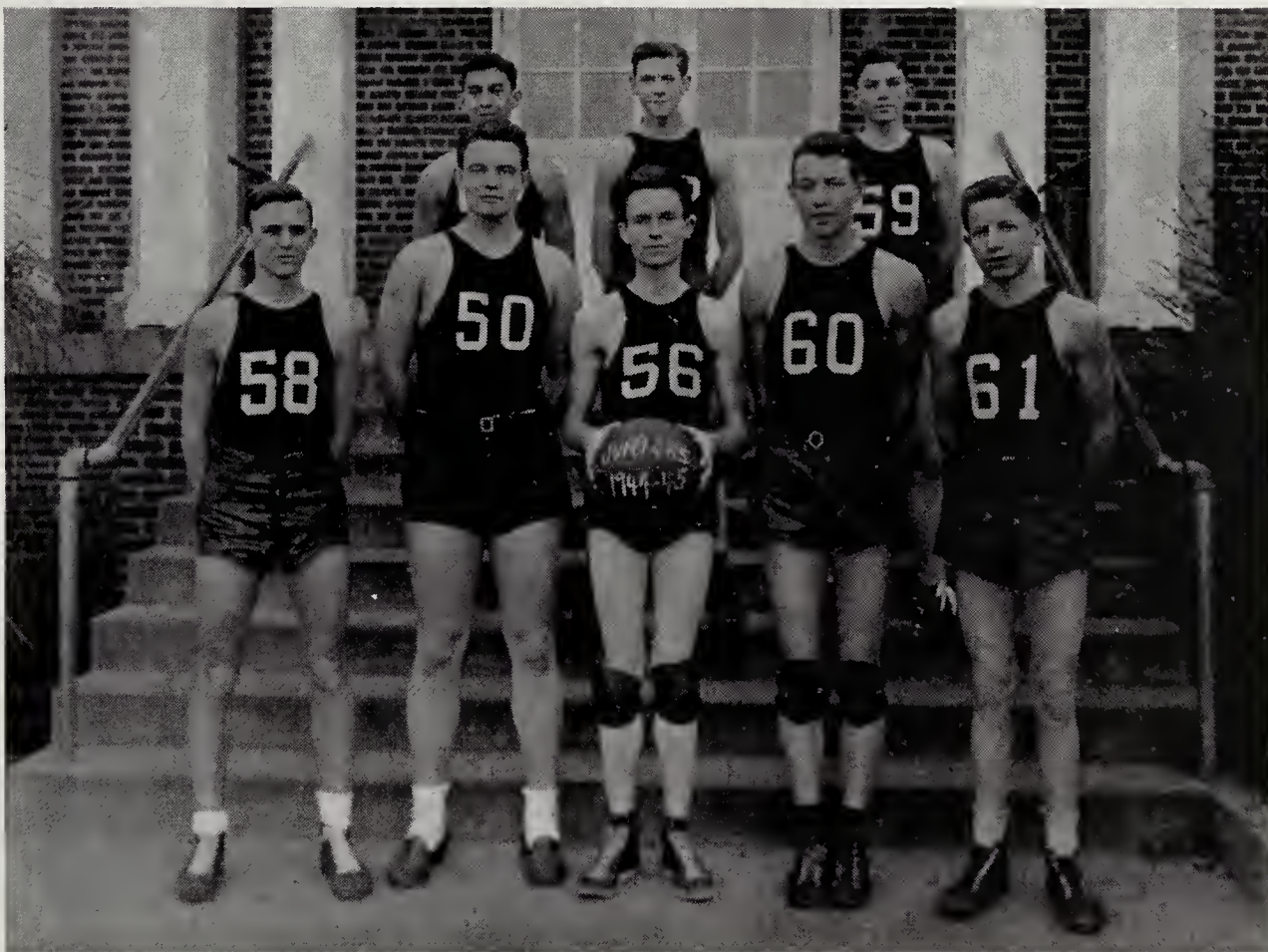
Harold Gibson, Paul Kesterson, Bobby Carper, Rae Trimble, Kenneth Snyder





## JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Frances Gibson, Peggy Shomo  
 Second Row: Mary Leach, Jean Hewitt, Ramona Moore, Frances Dull, Marie Shiftlet, Nancy Cook



## JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Howard Dull, Charles Blair, Russell Layman, Paul Livick, Herbert Tutwiler  
 Second Row: Dewey Sensabaugh, Abe Moyer, Joe Gilbert





## SOPHOMORE GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Dolores Blackwell, Goldie Snyder  
 Second Row: Pauline Berry, Martha Pugh, Emma Jane Rodeffer, Betty Blair, Barbara Huff,  
 Nancy Humphreys, Mary Ann Nuckoles, Thelma Gwin



## SOPHOMORE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Walton Guffey, Oscar Harris, Wilfred Smith, Jack Cox, Glenn Cline, Edward Dietz,  
 Warren Reeves





## FRESHMEN GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Mabel Wiseman, Madeline Cook  
 Second Row: Betty Weaver, Marian Curry, Pearl Campbell, Amelia Boyd,  
 Dorothy Argenbright



## FRESHMEN BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right: Elwood Tutwiler, Glenn Sensabaugh, Forrest Cook, Russel Dietz,  
 Warren Guffey





### BOYS IN SERVICE

First Row: William D. Cox, William L. Whitesell—prisoner of war in Germany, Cecil B. DePriest, Eugene C. Clemmer. Second Row: Robert Landes, Frank A. Dull, Jr., Herman Cook, J. Aubrey Potter, Jr., Paul Phillippe. Third Row: Fulton Gilbert, Eddie Gilbert, Graham Ludwig, Homer Clinton Arms—killed in action in Italy, December 20, 1944, L. Elwood Kesterson, W. Raymond Dull, Thomas Swink, Lawrence G. Driver. Fourth Row: Howard F. Sensabaugh, David Thomas Peyton, George Gladwell Eldins, Douglas H. Layman.





#### BOYS IN SERVICE

First Row: Roy N. Viel, William Viel, Herbert Pitsenbarger, John H. Dixon, Robert Cash, James Cox. Second Row: Billy D. Grimmett, Eddie Gilbert, William Carper, Harry T. Crosby, James Marshall, Harold A. Partlow, John Daniel Baylor, Clarence Brown, Ollie D. Mace, Jr. Third Row: Melvin Campbell, Sam H. Bogan, William Burton Bowers—killed in action in Normandy, June 21, 1944, Douglas Davis, Hampton Quick. Fourth Row: Louis Miller, James S. Morrison, Calvin Parrish, E. Burgess Grimmett, J. H. Cline.





### BOYS IN SERVICE

First Row: Ralph Mowry, Charles Mowry, Allen Sandridge, Beard Coffman, Allen Persinger. Second Row: William Shirey, Calvin Botkin, Harold Partlow, William Gene Lucas. Third Row: Calvin Wade, William Snyder, Robert Young, David Snyder. Fourth Row: Ralph and Charles Mowry, Sam Bogan, Hampton White, Marvin Botkin, Allen Persinger.



## POPULARITY CONTEST



*Most Popular*  
Jean Snyder  
Kenneth Landes

*Neatest*  
Elinor Phillips  
J. C. Bare

*Best Looking*  
Evelyn Grant  
Bobby Carper

*Long And Short*  
Matilda Fix  
Elwood Gaylor



*Wittiest*  
Eleanor Partlow  
Paul Kesterson

*Quietest*  
Matilda Fix  
Erskin Arehart

*Most Courteous*  
Margaret Ryder  
Kenneth Landes

*Most Dignified*  
Ethel Whitesell  
Erskin Arehart



*Biggest Flirt*  
Elnita Mackey  
Harold Gibson

*Most Athletic*  
Bettie Wiseman  
Bobby Carper

*Friendliest*  
Anna Lee Chandler  
Kenneth Landes

*Best All Around*  
Jean Snyder  
Kenneth Landes



*Most Likely  
To Succeed*  
Margaret Ryder  
Kenneth Landes

*Noisiest*  
Betty Cox  
Harold Gibson

*Most Studious*  
Nancy Thompson  
J. C. Bare

*Best School Spirit*  
Hilda Carroll  
Kenneth Landes













### SPORTS SNAPSHOTS

1. Our star forward, Nancy Cook. 2. The Captain of our boys' team. 3. That's Bob Carper, everybody. 4. Boy's manager, Wendell Young. 5. Hit that ball, Gibbie! 6. make that goal, Livick! 7. Let's go, Dull. 8. Watch that ball, Bettie Lou. 9. Play ball, Shomo. 10. Get on the ball, Gibson. 11. That's Abe Moyer our second center. 12. Let it fly, "Lucky Tut." 13. Come on, Monie, play ball! 14. Let's go, "Nick." 15. Shoot it, Monk! 16. Are you ready, Dewey? 17. Shoot, Blair, Shoot!! 18. That's Anna Lee Chandler. 19. O.K., Ralph, hands off. Tech. foul. 20. Joe sure is on the ball. 21. Aren't they cute kids? 22. Come on, Dottie!! 23. Gee Whiz, if it isn't that "Red" Cox. 24. Lift them high, Paul. 25. Our star guard, Kitty Houff. 26. That's Riley, girls. 27. Livick is a champ!! 28. Monie Moore leads in exercises. 29. This is Coach Dutton. 30. Our 20 minutes of torture a day. 31. Live and learn, Stanley 32. Our second period of Phys. Ed. needs exercise.



# Literary Section

## SING FOR BEVERLEY MANOR

Let's cheer for Beverley Manor,  
She is brave and true;  
She holds high her banner,  
A glad greeting to you.

May our friendships last long  
And may new ones arise;  
Let's join this happy song,  
And lift it to the skies.

Beverley Manor Freshmen,  
Come let's sing our song,  
Of friendships so golden;  
As the years glide along.

Sing for old Beverley Manor  
A joyous happy song,  
That will make our hearts gay  
As the years roll along.

—LOUISE HUMPHREYS

## THE LAST TIME HE SAW PARIS

The streets of Paris were dark and sinister. Blasts of wind caused chills to go up and down Kirk's spine, and he shuddered. Fear showed in his eyes as he glanced around, half-expecting to see someone following him. It was hard, he thought, for a young German officer to stay in this city of hatred, where every night Germans were found secretly murdered.

He heard strains of music and laughter coming from a building where light flooded from the windows. "Company—that's what I need," he muttered as he shoved the door open and entered.

The room was large and crowded with the remnants of the German army. The sudden glare of the bright lights blinded Kirk for a while, but he was conscious of a feminine voice, clearly singing "Lilli Marlene" above the noise. There was something familiar about the voice, but it was not until he could clearly see the singer that his heart seemed to stop.

She was a young girl, about nineteen and her clear white skin and long golden hair gave her the appearance of an angel. She was quite popular there, for the applause after her song shook the building.

The clapping brought Kirk out of the daze and his mind quickly began to function. That girl—Katrina—why she was the one who had bewitched him in Holland, and had fled when he found that she was a patriot, working for the underground. Hatred filled his soul and he rushed backstage for sweet revenge.

His knocking brought her to the door and he slipped in as she opened it. He saw that she recognized him, but she remained perfectly calm.

"You evaded me before, but this time you have no escape. You will take your punishment." His hand moved to his gun, but still she remained calm, with no trace of fear.

"I am not trying to escape punishment, I am just trying to postpone it until I have sung my next number. The song is a favorite, and I should like to sing it before I die."

"You ask favors . . . ."

Her voice was ruthless now. "And in return I give them. I will tell you something that Hitler will not. The Allies have invaded Normandy and are moving to Paris. Soon you and your friends will be back where you belong. Think on that while I sing."

She moved swiftly out the door and in his daze he made no move to stop her. She could not be telling the truth, yet. . . .

Katrina walked out into the stage and started her song. She watched the amazed faces of the Germans with joy as she sang the French national anthem, "La Marseillaise." There was a sudden commotion in the back and triumphant men rushed in shooting the amazed Germans. The underground of Paris was revolting!

—MARGARET RYDER



## OUR PRIVATE JOE KELLEY

Thirteen, thirteen,—that is an awful age to be. You are not a grown up and you are not a child. Your parents think you are a child, almost a baby—just a kid in high school. But really you are beginning to grow up and you like to think you have grown up troubles and problems.

Well, to begin with my name is Connie—Connie Lee Davis. I live in Middleton, Indiana. I have an older brother serving in the Army in the European Theater. I have an older sister, Nancy. She is eighteen and works in a civil service office and there are Mom and Dad, too. Dad is a lawyer.

It all started about a month ago. Nancy was in Maine on a short vacation. Dad was out of town and Mother was at a bridge party. I was all alone when I happened to see a letter to Nancy lying on the table. It was from a soldier, a private in Mississippi. Should I open it? I thought about it for about ten minutes and then opened it. There was an enclosed picture. My first thought was—another John Payne in flesh. I was all in a flutter as my eyes raced across the page. The letter was really Nancy's but she was in Maine. Why shouldn't I answer it? I wanted a pen pal more than anything else in the world. Nancy would never know it. I could mail the letters at school and write and tell Joe (that was his name) that I was going to a private school and he could send the letters to school. I could send him one of Nancy's pictures, too. Everything would be perfect.

So I did write the letter. I received an answer the next week at school. I used Nancy's name, of course. I just told the teacher I could take it home to her.

I sent him Nancy's pictures and we wrote to each other for nearly two months. I never told a living soul, not even my best girl friends. Sometimes I wanted to but I never did.

Then one day at school I got a special delivery letter from Joe. He was coming to see me. What could I do now? I was just a freshman in high school. I even wore pig-tails. Oh, my life seemed like it would never work out! How could I ever tell Nancy and Mother? Nancy would skin me alive. I was using her name but it had all been done now and I had done it.

A week later I heard a knock at the door. It was him, Joe. My life's end seemed so near. I answered the door. I know I turned green when the soldier said, "Is this 420 Pearl Street? Does Nancy Davis live here?"

I took a big swallow and opened my mouth but for a second nothing came out. Then I said, "Yes, she does."

The soldier said, "May I come in?"

"Oh, yes, of course." I said opening the door a little more. I then turned toward's the living room. I heard a noise up-stairs, then a door shut, then Nancy came down the stairs. I had tried my best to get her to go to the movies but she would not leave the house.

Joe turned in his seat and said, "Is that Nancy?"

I said, "Yes" and held on to my chair. Then she came in and looked at me. I looked at her and then at Joe.

Joe got up and said, "Hello Nancy. It's nice to be here at last. I thought I would never get here. You are really prettier than your pictures."

"Well, thank you but who are you?" Nancy said. I knew that the fireworks would start now. Having a strange soldier in the house was bad enough but just wait until she found out what I had done.

Joe was very nice looking, blonde hair and blue eyes and about six feet two inches tall. Maybe Nancy would like him any way but that was a lot to hope for. Nancy was looking first at me and then at Joe. I suppose she could tell something was up by the look on my face. I cleared my throat and made my words come out sort of slow and convincing. "Nancy," I started "This is Private First Class Joseph Kelley from Camp Shelby, Mississippi."

Nancy sure looked like she had been shot at and missed. Then I said, "Nancy, I have something very important to tell you."

"I think, too, you have, my dear sister," was her only answer.

My knees began to shake. Then Joe turned and looked at me. I was sure he knew something strange was about to happen. Then I started, sort of



slow at first. "Well, Nancy, it all started when you were in Maine on your vacation," were my first words. "One day you received a letter from a Private Joseph Kelley. You were not at home and well, Nancy, you know I have always wanted a pen pal. Joe seemed to be the answer and he wanted a pen pal, too. Nancy, I used your name and sent Joe your pictures. I used your life and work as mine. In fact, I just put myself in your shoes. It was easy and it was loads of fun. Nancy, can you forgive me?"

"Well, Connie, you are old enough to know you shouldn't do things like that," Nancy said. But she looked rather pleased about something and she and Joe looked at each other quite often.

I wondered what could be happening. Then all at once Joe took Nancy's arm and said, "Let's go and get something to eat." Then they went out. Nancy didn't even answer him. She just looked at him as if she were in a dream.

About eleven o'clock I heard a noise and then I heard Joe say, "Well, Nan, I will be around about six tomorrow evening."

There was a brief silence. Then Nancy said, "It was loads of fun, Joe."

"Good night, darling," was Joe's reply.

Then Nancy came into my room. I held my breath as she shook me to wake me but I really wasn't asleep. "Connie, darling, I hate to wake you but I have something to tell you," she said, "Connie, Joe and I are in love. I guess it was love at first sight. I am not mad at you at all. You are the most wonderful sister in the whole world."

—ELNITA MACKEY

### WHY THE CHINESE HAVE SHORT NAMES

Long ago in China all the people had long names and could not be called by nicknames, but always had to be called by their full names.

The special person I am going to tell about was named Pickie Pickie No Pick Chum Chum Cho Chickie Holididdy Molididdy Dum Dum Do. He was a short fat boy of three years.

One day he and his nurse were out in the garden playing with a ball. The ball rolled over near the fish pond and as he went to pick it up he stumbled and fell into the pool which was very deep. Neither the boy nor his nurse could swim. The nurse knowing that the gardner would be near ran to find him. After a few minutes the gardner was found and the nurse said, "Pickie Pickie No Pick Chum Chum Cho Chickie Holididdy Molididdy Dum Dum Do fell into the fish pond and is going to drown!" The gardner knew that he could not save the boy alone so he ran to the butler and repeated the nurse's story. Finally after a sufficient number of people had been secured, they started back to the pond. As they were approaching they heard the little boy saying, "Pick.....ie .....Pick .....ie .....No .....Pick," as he went down again—for the last time.

After this tragic death the emperor made a ruling that no one could have a long name.

—MARY ELLEN PROPST

### "HOME AGAIN"

Donna was a small, dainty girl of about eighteen. Crumpled paper was heaped all about her as she lay stretched out on the floor. Her short, curly hair was in wild disorder and a frown of utter concentration marred her brow. As if in answer to some unspoken query of her own mind, she sourly muttered, "No good," and another ball of crumpled paper joined it's mates in the growing heap on the floor. After glaring at a blank sheet of paper for several minutes she abruptly jumped up and threw herself wrathfully into a chair.

"You would think," she wailed resentfully, "that I could think of something." As her restless gaze roved about the room, her eyes came to rest upon the shelves, her pride and joy, which adorned one entire side of the room. Immediately she forgot about the papers on the floor and happily contemplated the shelves and their contents. Her books and shells occupied a conspicuous place on the lower shelves but her eyes weren't directed at those things at all. Instead she was smugly and fiendishly chuckling over the collection which was arrayed on the top shelf. Finally, after a short time of harmless gloating she murmured, "Twenty-two," and let her gaze wander further around the room.



Then as a ball of paper on the floor ruined her peaceful reverie she thought rebelliously, "I still haven't thought of a thing to write." Wearily she prepared to go back to her task but just as she sank with a sigh upon the rug she heard her mother call.

"Donna, Donna"

"Yes, Mother."

"Answer the bell please, Honey?"

"O. K." replied Donna. She made a hasty inspection of her curls in the mirror before going down the stairs with youthful alacrity. As she reached the last step the doorbell gave forth another urgent buzz.

"All right! All right!, Just hold your horses," soliloquized Donna and went across the darkening room to fling open the door.

Momentarily blinded by the last brilliant rays of the evening sun, Donna saw only a dark blur as a tall, good-looking young man in khaki stepped across the threshold and enveloped her in a great "bear hug." She felt herself imprisoned in a pair of strong, sinewy, but wonderfully familiar arms.

"Donna, Donna. Who is it child?"

As her mother's voice drifted to her, clearer and clearer, Donna reluctantly withdrew herself and called, "It's Jeff, Mother."

By that time her mother was in the room and greeting Jeff with serenely, welcoming eyes. After securing his promise of having supper with them she turned to go, adding, "Maybe, you would like to go with Donna to the new 'Teener's Canteen' after dinner."

Jeff soon left to get his coupe from the storage garage and Donna flew upstairs on winged feet. Scooping the paper from the floor she crammed it into the trash can and sat down at her desk. Soon the composition was finished and ready to be passed in. Wouldn't that teacher be surprised!

Donna and Jeff enjoyed the evening as planned and all too soon it was, "Good-night, Jeff."

"Goodnight, Donnie," whispered Jeff softly, "and goodbye—until it can be 'Home, again,' forever."

With radiant, shining eyes, Donna went softly up the stairs to her room. As soon as the latch on the door had clicked faintly, Donna snapped the light on. Across the room the objects on the top shelf faced her with various expressions. Smiling happily, Donna whispered, "All right-boys, it's the mothballs and dust for you," and so speaking Donna began swiftly to gather up the framed photographs of twenty-one young men. One she left on the shelf. With a dreamy look she murmured, "He said, 'Home again.'"

—HILDA CARROLL

## HAPPINESS BOUND

The Broadway Limited came puffing into the little station. It was very seldom that this train stopped in Greenwich because it was such a small town. The population was just about five hundred and all the inhabitants were well acquainted.

It was three o'clock and the train was an hour late. Albert Kelley, a good-looking soldier of about twenty-one, stood in the doorway of the passenger car, waiting patiently for it to stop. His handsome smile narrowed as he found no one waiting to welcome him. He had only four hours before the next train which would take him back to his home town.

Two days ago Albert had wired Nancy, his fiancée, of his arrival there. The train was an hour late but surely she would have waited for him, when she hadn't seen him for twenty-two months. In every letter they had planned for their marriage upon his return but no one was in the station except Ned, the colored porter, whom he recognized at once. "Hey there," he shouted as the old man moved busily about his work. "Don't you know me?"

"Oh hello, son, fancy seeing you here again. I didn't think you would ever be back."

"Why, where is everyone?" asked Kelly, "Doesn't look as if they were expecting me. I wired Nancy several days ago and she was supposed to meet me here. You don't think anything has happened, do you?"



"Well its like this. I didn't want to tell you, but Miss Nancy has been stepping out quite a bit lately with another man. I hope you won't feel bad about my telling you."

"Oh that's all right. Thanks a lot for the information," Albert said slowly, picking up his bag and staring down the small street, deep in thought. Certainly Nancy wouldn't do him a trick like that. Why, she promised him faithfully that she would wait for him. And after all their planning for a happy marriage, he just couldn't believe it! There was only one possibility, Ned could have mistaken her brother for another man as he was just home from college. He had that one small hope to go on, because Nancy had said that as soon as her brother came home she would get him to help her plan the marriage.

He stepped into the store from which he had ordered her ring. He was greeted at the door by the manager who was a good friend of his.

"Welcome, soldier," said the manager. "Glad to see you back." Then he led Albert into his private office where they had a friendly chat. Finally the manager approached the subject of the ring.

"I don't suppose you will be needing the ring any more."

"Oh, so it is the truth."

"What?" asked the manager.

"About Nancy's stepping out with another man."

"Well I saw her across the street with another young fellow buying some fancy clothes. The same man was in here the other day and got a wedding ring to match her diamond. It looks as though you had been double-crossed. I hear they're throwing a party at her house this evening. I thought I would tell you, for I knew you wouldn't want a ring if you couldn't use it."

"Oh, thanks a lot," Albert said as he went out, too confused to even say good-bye. His heart sank and his head was hanging low as he walked up the street. By golly, he'd show her! She wouldn't marry some other jerk when she was engaged to him. He would spoil the whole thing. It was a mean trick, but he was going to walk right in on them and then he would see how she looked.

At last Albert came to her house and upon arriving he heard the piano playing softly. He thought this was strange music to be played at a party. As he walked upon the porch the front door opened and there stood Nancy in a beautiful white wedding gown. She fell into his arms and the piano played loudly, Lohengrin's Wedding March.

"What's this all about?" he asked in utter amazement.

"We knew you wouldn't have long, so brother and I planned the whole thing. He's going to drive us down to your home as soon as the wedding's over. Come on, the preacher is waiting, let's go."

With her arm in his, they marched into the hall where they would soon become man and wife. Albert Kelly was, possibly, the happiest man in the world as he placed the beautiful gold band upon her slender finger.

—PAUL LIVICK

### THE WEDDING CEREMONY

"Oh, what a beautiful morning! Oh, what a beautiful day! I've got ..."

Irene glanced through the window as she snapped off the radio, and realized the song was describing this morning perfectly. The sunrise held her rapt attention until she suddenly remembered the time and hurried downstairs.

It was hardly daybreak but the whole house seemed to be up and busy. A few servants had been hired for this occasion and they were bustling about, singing as they worked. Some were putting the last minute touches on the elaborate decorations while others stood back and admired them.

Aunt Ella was managing everything in her efficient, but flighty way. She now rushed up to Irene and gushed, "Oh darling, there you are! Isn't everything lovely? This will be the most spectacular wedding of the year. But there, you go out on the porch. We have enough help already and you'd only be in the way."

Irene was literally pushed out the door, so she wandered over to the top step and slumped down. Her thoughts went immediately to Bob and she wondered if he was the nervous bridegroom that authors pictured.



Memories quickly filled her thoughts and she remembered little incidents of their courtship. For the hundredth time she relived the night of his proposal, three years ago. She had always loved him but since her mother's death had left her with the responsibility of her younger sister, Babs, she could not accept him then.

Irene had given Babs everything, things that she could not afford, things that she had wanted herself. But Babs was so lovable she could not bear to see her go without the things she wanted.

The sun was now shining brightly, and its brilliance brought her out of her reverie and reminded her of the time. She returned to the living room and met Babs, who was reviewing the room with ecstasy.

"Irene this is beautiful! I'm so excited. Oh, you look lovely—but hardly ready for the wedding. Come on—let's get dressed."

"All right darling, I'm coming."

The wedding march was being played and the room was filled with familiar faces. As she walked down the aisle, Irene spied Bob waiting at the front. A lump immediately rose to her throat and tears welled in her eyes. She made a supreme effort to gain control of her emotions and halfway succeeded.

This ceremony was completely reversed from the one she had dreamed of three years ago. Then she had expected to be the bride, instead of Babs, and Babs was to have been in her place as maid of honor. —MARGARET RYDER

### "A SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT"

This story began one night a few years ago in the small town of Springdale, Illinois. The rain had fallen all day and the atmosphere was dense with fog which only added to the gloom. All lights were out except one which came from the mansion of the wealthy Jasper B. Dillon. This mansion was a huge stone structure with a round tower at one corner of the front which made it a fairly good imitation of a small English castle. The tower had a door, several windows and a balcony. The room in the tower was Jasper Dillon's study. On this eventful night, Jasper Dillon remained up quite late reading one of his many volumes of English literature. The light from this room penetrated the fog and fell on the lawn below.

Jasper Dillon's grandson, Robert Dillon, and his wife lived with the old man. Robert Dillon had left the mansion shortly after seven o'clock saying he was going to meet some friends. Robert's wife and the two servants, Hilda Anna Smith and Oliver Frazer, had retired for the night.

Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, the figure of a man clad in a black raincoat appeared in the beam of light from the tower, but quickly jumped back into the darkness. Skillfully the man climbed up the tower, with the help of small crevices in the stone blocks until he reached the balcony. After a few moments he climbed back down and suddenly there was a blood curdling scream of a man who seemed to be in the grip of a horrible death. Then everything was dead silent again.

At about eight o'clock the next morning the telephone of the little Springdale police station rang shrilly. The desk sergeant calmly took the receiver from the hook and listened with growing interest at the frantic woman calling. Quickly putting the receiver back in place, he called Captain O'Malley.

"O'Malley, Mrs. Dillon, of the Dillon mansion just outside of town, called and reported that Jasper B. Dillon has been found dead below his window."

Instantly O'Malley and his assistant, Benny Dorsal, jumped into a car and sped to the Dillon mansion. Already the sun was shining brightly and as the two officers pulled to a stop, they saw a light still on in the tower, and the body lying on the ground.

O'Malley and Dorsal examined the body in silence for a few moments. The old man's head had been crushed on the hard cement walk and they found a book of English literature near his body. The door of the tower room was open and with a startled look on his face, O'Malley gazed at the tower.

"Well," began Dorsal, "this sure looks like a case of suicide."

"It would look more like the old man fell off the porch by accident," answered O'Malley. "If the man had intended to kill himself, I don't think he



would have had a book on English literature when he jumped. Yes, I think it is something more important."

The body was taken away while friends and relatives gathered to console the grief stricken Dillons. Robert Dillon was making an attempt at soothing his frantic wife when O'Malley came to question them.

"Now Mrs. Dillion," began O'Malley, "do you think you can tell us exactly what happened last night?"

"Yes, Robert left shortly after 7 o'clock to meet some friends. I retired for the night, but Grandfather Dillon remained up to read. About 11:30 I heard a man scream as if someone were killing him. I was frightened and I heard Grandfather Dillon get up and walk out on the balcony. Then everything was quiet again. Robert returned about 2 o'clock."

"Now Robert, I would like to hear your story," O'Malley said.

"Well, just as my wife told you, I returned about 2 o'clock. This morning I went to Grandfather's room in the tower but he wasn't there. I still didn't suspect anything until Oliver Frazer found him dead. My wife had told me about the scream before this. She then called you thinking it might be something shady. That's about all."

"O'Malley, what do you think about it?" asked Robert's wife.

"Well, I don't know what to think," answered O'Malley, who had listened to the two stories with growing interest. His suspicions were aroused.

O'Malley and Dorsal then left the mansion and as they walked to the car in silence, O'Malley was deep in study. Suddenly his face lighted up.

"What do you think Dorsal?" asked O'Malley at last.

"I still think it was an accident," answered Dorsal. But after a little further thought he said, "Old Jasper Dillon did have a lot of money."

"I am sure it wasn't an accident," replied O'Malley. "I want you to meet me here tonight because I have a plan."

"I don't know what it's all about, but I'll be here at 9 o'clock," Dorsal said as the two men parted.

During the day most of the Dillon's friends and relatives left and plans were made for a big funeral. Only one person suspected that the death was murder and that person was O'Malley. Everyone thought it was either suicide or an accident.

That night at 9 o'clock Robert and his wife sat in silence in the huge expensive living room of the mansion. Outside two men met and were talking hurriedly.

"Dorsal, here is the case as I see it," said O'Malley in a low voice. "I don't for one instant think it was either suicide or an accident. If he had intended to kill himself he would not have had that book in his hands. If it was an accident why did Mrs. Dillon first hear a scream and then the sound of Jasper Dillon going out on the balcony to see what it was. Besides there is a small handrail around the balcony. I firmly believe Robert planned this death so he would inherit a pile of money."

The two men went to the front door of the mansion and O'Malley rang the bell.

While waiting for an answer they talked. "Do you think your plan is going to work?" asked Dorsal.

"Yes, I think it is going to solve a pretty clever murder," answered O'Malley.

Robert answered the door and after the usual formalities had taken place all went into the huge living room.

In explanation of the unexpected visit O'Malley said, "We came here to ask you a few questions."

"Do you think it might be murder?" asked Robert somewhat surprised.

"Yes, because there are some little, but important flaws in your stories. First there is the little matter about the scream being heard before Mr. Dillon got up from his chair. Does that sound like he killed himself either accidentally or on purpose? Second, there is the story you told. You said you went to his study room in the tower this morning and that he wasn't there, but you said you weren't alarmed. The fact that the light was still on and the door of his study



was open didn't alarm you or even make you think it might be connected with the scream."

"Are you accusing me of murdering my grandfather?" Robert indignantly burst out.

"Well your story seems very questionable," answered O'Malley.

"Let's see you prove that in court," exclaimed Robert almost hysterically. "You have no evidence."

"Maybe not, but I intend to investigate some more," answered O'Malley coolly. "I guess we will be going now."

Mrs. Dillon still could not associate her husband with the brutal crime. The two officers left the mansion without further ado.

"I guess that's about all for tonight," said Dorsal a bit wearily.

"Oh, but just a minute!" snapped O'Malley. "Our plan is just beginning. We will watch the mansion from across the road in that brush. Get your gun handy."

It was a beautiful night and the moon lit up everything, throwing weird shadows around the mansion. O'Malley and Dorsal waited for nearly two hours and were becoming discouraged. No lights were on in the mansion.

Suddenly a man was seen furtively stealing around the mansion in the moonlight. He was bending over and carefully looking around on the ground.

"At last, he has come," whispered O'Malley. "Dorsal, go to the back of the mansion and stop him if he tries to escape. I'll do the rest."

Quietly they began to move in on their man. O'Malley eased through the front lawn until he was directly behind the man.

"Looking for foot prints?" called O'Malley sarcastically.

The man jumped as if a snake had bitten him and ran around the mansion.

"Halt or I'll shoot!" came the clear voice of Dorsal.

Running around the mansion, O'Malley saw Dorsal with his gun in Robert Dillon's ribs.

"Nice work, Dorsal," exclaimed O'Malley. "Now, you had better tell us what happened, Robert."

"All right," snapped Robert. "I guess you have me. I killed the old man because I needed his money to pay off some pressing gambling debts."

"Come along, I'll have to take you to jail to wait for your trial."

The three men walked down the road in the bright moonlight until they came to a parked car. On the way to the police station O'Malley was explaining the case to Dorsal . . .

"You see we already had sufficient reason to suspect it was murder. When Robert became aware that I suspected him he was frightened and said I had no proof. It was true I had no real, concrete evidence and Robert was going to see that I got none. You see, it was Robert who screamed that rainy night. Jasper Dillon came out on the balcony to see what the trouble was and a trap door where he was standing opened under his weight, so he fell to his doom on the walk below. I had noticed a pair of hinges on the bottom of the balcony. While it was raining he climbed up and fixed the door so it would open easily and then screamed. Then he went to his grandfather's study the next morning to close the trap door.

"But why did you think he would come out tonight?" asked Dorsal.

"Since it had been raining that night, he came out to see if he had left any footprints in the soft ground. I knew there were no prints there but he didn't."

The automobile roared on down the lonely road and the case of "The Scream at Midnight," was solved.

—DUANE HARPER

### FORGOTTEN MEMORY

It was a beautiful spring day, the kind one wishes for when he thinks of a perfect time for loads of fun and pleasure that he wants to remember, always. But, for the Bensons, this day did not include frolics and good times, but it rather marked a date to be forgotten.

The routine of the day started in the usual pleasant manner, with Alice sending Dave, her husband, off to the office and the children, Joan and Benny, to school with her cheerful and inspiring smile.

"Be good," she called from the door to Joan and Benny, "come straight home from school as I have a surprise for you."



"But, Mother," protested Benny, "The ball game—Oh, O. K. we'll be here."

Benny and Joan were two lovable children, fifteen and thirteen years of age respectively.

Running anxiously toward the house that evening, they heard two people violently quarreling, which was unusual for Mother and Dad. Certainly this wasn't the planned surprise. Joan and Benny listened for a few minutes to the loud voices of their parents sounding through the open doors and windows.

"Dave Benson," cried Mother, "I saw you with her and don't give me any excuses. I won't be your little maid, ready with a nice warm meal, after your enjoyable day riding around with your secretary. You were with her, I saw you both! Oh! how could you, and not even think of Joan and Benny?" Then Mother started crying very loudly and a door slammed.

Joan and Benny looked at each other with a blank expression of disbelief since this was the first time in their entire lives that they had ever heard their parents quarrel.

"But Alice," yelled Mr. Benson, "Listen to me, please let me explain." But she refused to listen.

When Joan and Benny slipped in the house they found Dad sitting alone in the living room with his head in his hands.

"Daddy, Daddy, what's wrong?" exclaimed Joan and Benny.

"Oh!" he said surprisingly in confusion, "When did you come?"

"Where is Mother? Dad, what is the matter?"

"Oh,—Mother? Oh-she-she has a headache and is lying down for a few minutes."

"As we were coming down the road it sounded as if she were trying out her vocal chords," replied Benny.

"Oh! You heard that?" asked Mr. Benson.

"Sure we did, Dad, please tell us why you and Mother were quarreling so."

With one child on each arm of the chair, he told the ones more dear to him than life that they were going to be separated.

"Dad, what do you mean,—not us?"

"Yes, Ben," he continued, "I'm afraid it is true."

"Joan," Mother called with a trembling voice, "I am packing our clothes, you are going with me and, Ben, you will stay with your dad."

"But why?" they questioned.

"Please don't ask any questions, just come with me, Joan," said Mrs. Benson.

Benny went out holding his head low, feeling as if the bottom of his life had fallen out. Hearing someone's heels patting on the walk, he lifted his clear blue eyes to meet those of Dad's stenographer.

"Hello Ben," she called cheerfully. "Is your dad here?"

"Yeah," he said dully, "Go on in."

"Mr. Benson," she said happily.

"Oh! Hello Miss Pringle," said Mr. Benson slowly.

"I just had to come over to tell you the news we have been waiting for. That man we interviewed every day last week at that horrible little inn was a Nazi and the police caught him today. Have you seen the papers with your picture?"

"No, no I haven't," he said excitedly. "Alice! Come here, dear."

"So, this explains your being with Miss Pringle so much and your being late coming home. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why wouldn't you let me?" he replied.

"Joan and Benny, come here a minute," called Dad. "You both must forget the little episode you have just heard. It really was only a joke. You shall never be separated as long as your mother and I have anything to say about it."

"Oh, Dad," cried the children, "Do you mean it?"

"I certainly do."

"He is right," interrupted Mother with her usual inspiring smile, "and Miss Pringle, you must stay for the surprise party that I planned for Benny and Joan."

—LEONA MICHAEL

## DANNY

When I was a freckle-faced youngster in patched overalls, Danny used to come to my house. Danny was the "no count" motherless chap who lived in a



tumbled down, shanty-like, house under the oak and chestnut trees, just across the hill from my beautiful home beneath the weeping willows.

Danny and I were different since he had to make his way in the world because his dad didn't realize Danny had to be raised. Everyone said that he would amount to nothing because of the way he was reared. He never did do much of anything except roam around.

Danny hated school but in spite of that fact he went, and after school he and I would roam the hills and woods just pretending that we were something "big and important." Mom used to scold me and say, "Do you want to grow up and be a no-count thing like that—that Danny?"

And of course I'd always say "No ma'am." But I didn't really tell her the truth for I did want to be like Danny who never had any responsibility. The years rolled on and Danny and I were growing up. Danny still spent his time shifting and roaming and I spent mine in college, trying to make the grade.

Then came the war, black and horrible. Danny was the first to be called into the service and people said, "Aw, he'll make a no count soldier." Then came my turn to wear the uniform of my country.

Months sped by while I had my training. I was promoted to second lieutenant and volunteered for overseas duty. When we reached our final destination, we were joined by other troops from another company. That night after we had made our landing safely and unloaded our cargo, I wandered off by myself to rest, for the day had been a tiring one beneath the boiling sun. Everyone was back at our so-called camp except me and as I sat there alone beneath the trees I suddenly heard footsteps. Before I could move someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Hi there, soldier."

I didn't move at first, but when I did turn I saw a tall soldier standing before me. I only stared at first, then I came to my senses. Before I knew quite what was happening I had gripped the soldier's hand and was crying, "Danny." Finally I said, "Danny, old boy, where on earth did you come from?"

"I was in the Company that joined your troops," was his reply. "I saw you while we were unloading cargo but I couldn't get to you, so I kept an eye on you and followed you here."

As we sat there, Danny and I, talking of the past, I learned that Danny wasn't quite the same. Even though he was still a buck private, he had fought in many of the major battles. He had never married for he couldn't think of ever settling down. Our little chat didn't last long for in a split second the heavens above us were filled with the humming of huge "birds" that spat fire. They weren't real birds, they were our enemy, and this meant action. In a matter of minutes our planes were roaring through the sky, also spitting fire.

After hours of action the battle ceased and the victory was ours, even though the casualties were great. Then all of a sudden I remembered Danny, and how we were so suddenly separated when the battle started. I couldn't find him then because to go through the company would have been almost impossible. The first place I went was to the hospital quarters to get the correct number of our boys who had been killed or wounded.

As I was walking through the rows of wounded and dying boys I saw a familiar figure lying under the white sheets. I went forward as though he were a magnet drawing me to him. When his eyes met mine he smiled and the only thing he said was, "Carry on, Old Pal." Then for the first time in my life I swallowed hard against the tears in my eyes and I bit my lips because I knew he would never carry on again. As I stood there in a daze, memories of home and Danny filled my mind. I thought of the way we used to roam the hills and think that we were "something big." I remembered the way people looked down on him and the bad things they said about him. Then I came to my senses and I looked at the soldier lying there dying. This boy would never again roam the hills and never again would he give people the chance to say he was "no count." That boy lying there dying was Danny, but not the Danny people used to know. He was a new Danny, even though he had never been given a chance he was now giving his everything.

Danny died that night, and I'll never forget the way he looked. It was then that something died within me. It made me want to fight harder than ever before.

Danny never lived to be a "big shot" like he wanted to be but he was among thousands who have given everything in order that we may become the things he wanted to be.

—POLLY LAWHORNE





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Most anybody can do a thing he feels like doing, but it takes a true man to do the thing when he doesn't feel like doing it.—*Sam Jones*.

ooOoo

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example that roll away from him and go beyond his ken on their perilous mission.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

ooOoo

Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I, myself, have founded empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? They depended upon force. Jesus Christ founded His kingdom upon love, and to this day there are millions who would die for him—*Napoleon*.

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